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The Pacific.

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The Work of the A. B. C. F. M. on this Pacific Slope, and Related Matters.

"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."

BY REV. DR. S. H. WILLEY.

(Concluded.)

At last, in 1849, our slow-moving government made Oregon a Territory, and sent Joseph Lane as Governor.

But the government policy with the Indians was neither conciliatory nor just. It was an illustration of what has been righteously characterized as a "century of dishonor." Hence, the breaking out of the "Indian wars" that succeeded each other for a period of ten years, every one of which might have been avoided if treaties had been kept with the Indians, and honest men had been sent to carry out the provisions of those treaties.

By the year 1859, however, affairs had become so far settled that the country east of the Cascades, was, by proclamation, declared open for settlement.

At once Rev. Mr. Spaulding hastens to the Nez Perces. For years and years he had been waiting and watching for an opportunity to go.

His former church members and scholars crowded around him. Old men and women, as well as children, came to school, and some would remain till bedtime, transcribing portions of Scripture translated by Mr. Spaulding.

Mr. Esells went back to Walla Walla, only a hundred and fifty miles from the Spokanes, with whom he had been missionary so many years, and there for some twelve years was receiving frequent visits from those Indians, coming to him for the purpose of instruction.

No further Protestant work was ever undertaken among the Cayuses. The tribe was never very numerous, and at last became extinct, though a remnant is still left, as we shall by and by see.

But with the Nez Perces, Mr. Spaulding continued to work as best he could, as long as he lived. Part of the time he was hampered and hindered by unprincipled appointees of the Indian ring, but still he held on. Sometimes his people were brought into direct collision with the whites; for instance, no sooner had the treaty with them been ratified in 1859 than gold mines were discovered on their reservation! This resulted in the laying out of a town right there, without so much as saying to the Indians, by your life. It was the town of Lewiston, and there sat a Territorial Legislature making laws, on land which was not their own. The town soon grew to contain twelve hundred inhabitants or more. To make matters worse, mines and others, of whom there were three or four thousand, carried large quantities of whisky, and furnished it to the Indians. Some of the Indians were irritated by these and other like things, and there came to be two parties among them—a treaty party and a non-treaty party.

The chief, named Lawyer, stood up for the whites and for the treaty party till he came within a narrow miss of losing his life for it. He escaped, because at the last moment a new treaty was made in 1867 by the United States.

These things were hard for the Indians who stood by the whites to bear. But it should be said that this chief Lawyer was, like Timothy, one of the first to attend Mr. Spaulding's school in 1837, when he was said to have learned to read better than any other Indian. In 1871 he was admitted to the church, and ever afterwards maintained a consistent Christian character. He was chosen a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church in 1875, and largely spent his life exhorting the Indians to abandon their heathen practices and adopt a Christian life. He died at the age of eighty. He may have been eight or nine years old when Lewis and Clarke passed through the country on their exploring expedition.

The power Mr. Spaulding had with the Nez Perces after his long separation from them was something wonderful. Early in the year 1864 there was published in THE PACIFIC a letter from Judge Andrew Smith of Idaho, describing services held by Mr. Spaulding at Lewiston, some portion of which was as follows: "On Sunday last I had the pleasure of attending church at this place, conducted in Nez Perces by Rev. H. H. Spaulding. The Governor, Federal and county officers and citizens of Lewiston were mostly present. The scene was deeply solemn and interesting. The breathless silence, the earnest, devout attention of the great congregation (even the small children), to the words of their much loved pastor; the spirit, the sweet melody of the singing, the readiness with which they turned to hymns and chapters and read with Mr. Spaulding the lesson from their Testaments which Mr. Spaulding had translated and printed twenty years ago; the earnest, pathetic voice of the native Christians whom Mr. Spaulding calls upon to pray—all, all deeply and solemnly impressed that large congregation of white spectators, even to tears!"

The whole number of the Nez Perces which Mr. Spaulding baptized during the last three years of his life was 694. In the great and growing work now on his hands, others went to his assistance, among whom was a lady, Miss S. L. Mc-

Beth. When the agencies were a signed to the various religious bodies under President Grant's policy in 1871, this one was transferred, with cordiality, by the A. B. C. F. M. to the Presbyterian Board, which sent helpers to Mr. Spaulding. With them he continued his labor until his last illness, when he laid himself down to die at Lapwai. There he passed away on August 3, 1874, at the age of 71 years.

But though the aged missionary died, the work he commenced did not cease. "God buries his workers, but he carries on his work."

The church increased in numbers, and Miss McBeth, together with others, went on teaching and translating and doing the work of a theological professor at Kakhia.

In 1877, General Howard found her there, and he describes his interview as follows, in the *Advance*: "In a small house, having two or three rooms, I found Miss McBeth, living by herself. She is such an invalid from partial paralysis that she cannot walk from house to house, so I was sure to find her at home. The candle gave us a dim light, so that I could scarcely make out how she looked, as she gave me her hand and welcomed me to Kakhia. The next time I saw her by day, showed me a pale, intellectual face, above a slight frame. How could this face and frame seek this far-off region? Little by little the mystery was solved. Her soul has been fully consecrated to Christ, and he has, as she believes, sent her upon a special mission to the Indians. There is the lounge and the chair, there the cook-stove and the table; there, in another room, is the little cabinet organ and a few benches. So is everything about this little teacher, the simplest in style and work. The only Nez Perce books, thus far, are the Gospel of Matthew, translated by Mr. Spaulding, and the Gospel of John by James Reuten, the Indian assistant teacher. The village is filling with charming little houses, and though the lady cannot visit them, under her influence they are becoming neat and cleanly. The wife becomes industrious within doors—sews, knits and cooks."

"The fences are up, the fields are planted. Some of her class are looking forward to the ministry."

In 1878, the Board sent another missionary, and under him the fruits of years was more fully gathered. Two churches were formed, one at Lapwai, with a membership of 100, and the other at Kakhia, numbering 203. In September of that year 75 more were added, making a total membership in the tribe, at that time, of 378. As to industries, the report of 1880 stood as follows: The number of Indians, 1,208, cultivating 3,780 acres, raising 48,500 bushels of grain and vegetables, having 13,000 horses and mules, and 3,780 cattle; also 3,000 fruit trees, and, all told, providing ninety per cent. of their entire subsistence, two-thirds being clothed in citizens' dress. The story of the influence of these Christian Nez Perces on some of the neighboring tribes would make deeply interesting reading, but I have no room for it here.

The intelligent and discriminating faith of these Christian Indians strikes us sometimes with surprise.

An instance of it appears in the report of the proceedings of the Congregational Association of Oregon and Washington Territory in 1882. Before that body came two Indians, a chief and a head man of the Umatilla, with Dr. William McKay, interpreter. The Umatilla reservation is under the care of the Roman Catholics. But a large number of these Umatillas, some of them formerly, I suppose, Cayuses, remembering the instruction given them by Dr. Whitman, held meetings among themselves, and the chief sent his daughter to the Christian training school, at Forest Grove. He had also sent to the Nez Perces and obtained a Presbyterian minister, who came and baptized thirty of them, and organized a church. They began holding regular Sabbath services. They left off gambling, drinking and other vices. For thus going by themselves, they were denounced and doomed, especially for sending children to the Protestant school. And having reason to fear that they would be deprived of their fair share of government land, they came before the Association to state facts and ask help.

On being asked why they murdered Dr. Whitman, if they believed his teachings true, they replied: "You may well ask us; but we did not kill Dr. Whitman; the out-landers did it. Four chiefs (giving their names) believed their teachers, who often told them, 'Dr. Whitman is a bad man; if you follow him you will go to hell and be lost.' They conspired to kill Dr. Whitman because of those teachings. We, the other Indians, friends, were not there. We did not know what was going on. Our chief was twenty-five miles off. The murder was a surprise to us, as it was to the Americans." Thereupon the Association, after fully considering the matter, pledged to the Umatilla their heartfelt sympathy, and prompt and constant help to secure their rights of conscience, of education, of property and of self-

government, under the laws of the United States.

Facts like this show that missionary work with the Indians was not thrown away. Though he e in Oregon it encountered unprecedented difficulties, singularly combined and complicated, still, as we see, its results abide. And we can imagine what they would have been if our missions could have been undisturbed and continuous, for all these years.

Notwithstanding the adverse things of the past, the situation surprises us with hopefulness in many of its aspects. The Rev. Myron Eells writes me under date of June 6, 1885: "The Indian churches are going on well. There is a new movement at the Umatilla (Catholic) reservation. It resulted in the organization of a Presbyterian church (the same before alluded to). The last report of the Board of Indian Commissioners gives the following figures for Presbyterian church members: Nez Perces, Lapwai, 221; Kamiah, 218; Umatilla, 78; Spokane, 146; Stokomish, 44; and at Dungeness, 27, making a total of 734. If there are such abiding fruits of the early mission work with this fading race, notwithstanding the unprecedented difficulties that have been in its way, we may well ask, 'What might it have been without them?'"

Letter from Zurich.

From Lucerne we went to Zurich, forty-one miles distant by rail. Zurich is a city of 26,000 population, and, with suburbs, 75,000, and is called the Garden City of Switzerland. It is difficult to find on the continent a more attractive place for a residence. One who has resided in Germany for years, and visited all the important cities, says if he were to reside in Europe for life he would select Zurich for his home. It is situated on the beautiful Lake Zurich, which is twenty-five miles long by one and two miles wide, and six hundred feet deep, in full view of the Alps and in the midst of towering mountains, themselves the spires of the Alpine ranges. Our hotel, situated on the border of the lake, with a charming private park in front, was one of the best to be found on the continent. We enjoyed our short stay in the city as much as any place we had visited. The principal streets are wide, clean and lined with attractive stores, whilst many of the new stone buildings are marvels of fine architecture. On the principal street, on market days, on the outer edge of the very wide sidewalks, were probably five hundred women selling fruits, flowers, plants, vegetables and small articles; but by noon the scene changed—all had disappeared, every particle of refuse had been swept up and taken away.

At the Arsenal is shown the veritable bow with which William Tell shot the apple from the head of his son, preserved, as it has been, throughout centuries. The canton of Zurich contains, at this time, 3,300 silk looms, 3,000 of which are run by steam, giving employment to 66,000 persons.

Our stay at Basel was short; it is a great railroad center, a place of 40,000 population, and is situated on the Rhine. It is the center of the silk trade for that region. It has 6,300 looms and 12,000 persons engaged in operating them. From Basel the Jura mountains are plainly visible, and here is obtained the first view of them and the blue, sweeping Rhine one has in approaching Switzerland direct from Paris.

From Zurich to Newhausen, the station for the Falls of the Rhine, is about thirty-six miles. They are, in point of volume, the grandest falls in Europe. The Rhine is precipitated in three leaps over an irregular, rocky ledge, about sixty feet. Above the falls the river is 400 feet in width. The rapids and cataracts, which extend a few hundred feet further up, over which the water rushes with great rapidity, have a fall of about forty feet. The principal hotel is situated directly opposite the falls, distant a half-mile; it is located on a high bluff 1,400 feet above the river, from which a splendid view of the falls can be obtained. The visitors to the hotel are charged one franc each to help meet the expense of illuminating the falls in the evening. From the hotel, on a clear day, can be seen the Bernese Alps, distant about eighty miles; they are from 11,000 to 13,000 feet high. We have seen many forms of conveyances in Europe, but were surprised to find, as the two horse omnibus drove up the hill from the hotel, a large bull attached in front of the horses to drag, at a slow pace, the vehicle up the grade.

From Newhausen tourists usually go to Baden Baden, the second greatest watering-place in Europe; the distance is 130 miles. Most people prefer to go by the railroad through the Black Forest of Germany. The ride is considered one of the most picturesque, in point of scenery and construction, of any in Europe. As the railroad winds up the mountain, it reminds one of the railroad from Santa Cruz over the mountains, except here we obtain a view across the numerous small valleys of a half a mile to a mile in width, filled with small villages, chateaus and busy farming and manufacturing life.

In twenty-three miles the railroad ascends 2,000 feet, passing through thirty-six tunnels, varying in length from twenty to 1,880 yards, and crosses six large and 136 small bridges. An observation car, specially constructed so that a view in all directions can be obtained, is attached to the express train for use of first-class passengers.

The costume of the peasantry is very interesting. The women wear black petticoats, short-waisted, green bodices, and broad-brimmed, straw hats, or black caps with projecting flaps at the side; the hats of the married women are adorned with black rosettes, and those of the girls with red. The men wear black coats, with red linings. In the villages watch manufacture is one of the principal industries.

Attached to our train was a special car conveying the Crown Prince of Germany on his way to Berlin. He was dressed in a dark grey suit and cap, and part of the time sat in the rear observation part of the car, smoking his meerschaum pipe or cigarettes, and taking the enjoyment of life quietly and easily, as Germans do. At one of the stations he called a boy selling beer, and bought a glass, paying his five cents for it, and quaffed it down as though used to the beverage. He was accompanied with only one person besides his servants. As he did not appear desirous of conversation, your correspondent did not seek an interview, being contented with a simple recognition by his Highness raising his hat as we saluted him as he passed along the platform. He is 54 years of age. He acts, moves and looks like a thorough business man, and probably soon will be Emperor of Germany if he likes, as his father's health is declining, he being nearly 89 years of age. Ex-Empress Eugenie is also traveling in Switzerland, but it was not our good fortune to be able to see her.

At Baden Baden we spent several delightful days. The place was supposed to be first settled by the Celts, who undertook the smelting of the ore found there. They first discovered the warm springs which have continued to make the place so desirable to visitors. The constant visit of Emperors Trajan and Adrian show the appreciation in which Baden was held. According to an inscription on one of the old monuments, it seems that Emperor Servius became a frequenter of the baths. In 1796 Napoleon entered the town with the vanguard of Meunier's army and concluded a truce with Wurtemberg. The Government became now desirous for the improvement of the town, and a Hall of Antiquities was built in 1802. Visitors continued to increase. The Conversation House was built for gambling, and large palaces, hotels and villas were constructed, so that by degrees Baden became the queen of watering places, and among the most celebrated in the world. In 1858 the gambling halls were leased to a new party, who spent money lavishly for the improvement and decoration of the buildings. The exciting life of a gambling city was stopped in 1872, when the Government prohibited the games to be publicly carried on. It is almost impossible to describe the quiet beauty and ever-varying character which belongs to Baden. Its fine, shady promenades lined with visitors and filled with carriages; its beautiful parks, ornamented with shrubs and flowers; its noble hills, thick with fir and beech trees, where the most enchanting drives can be had—these all tend to make Baden a delightful place of resort. Fountains are in many of the streets, and from some of them hot mineral water is flowing, where the poor people obtain their supply. The Conversation House, which is the central point, is where every effort is made to present the greatest possible attraction, the rooms of which are furnished and adorned with the most exquisite taste. The assembly room, decorated in the style of the seventeenth century, contains exquisite sculptures and frescoes, in which ball balls and concerts are given. The flower room, which is beautiful with its decorations of white and gold, contains rich flowers and rare plants, which give forth a delicious perfume. Then there is the grand ball room—the largest which is filled with a gay and happy throng of people day and night; whilst music charms the ear from bands playing afternoons and evenings. The principal bath house, which was finished in 1877, cost more than \$500,000, where Roman and Turkish baths, electric, vapor, hot and cold baths can be obtained.

We visited the old castle, one of the chief points of attraction, with the exception of that at Heidelberg. This castle ruin is the grandest in the canton of Baden. The origin is unknown, but dates back prior to the twelfth century. The ruin is situated at a height of 1,700 feet, and from its walls you can obtain one of the finest and most extensive views of the dark mountains of the Black Forest and the winding course of the Rhine. Returning from the old castle, we visited the new, the present residence of the Grand Duke Leopold. The family being absent, we were shown through the building. It is grandly fitted up, and its walls adorned with portraits of the family, dating back for seven hundred years; many fine works of art were also shown us.

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The annual meeting of the Woman's Board for the hearing of reports from auxiliary societies will be held on Thursday morning, October 8th, in the Congregational church at Berkeley. The public anniversary exercises will be held in the evening of the same day.

Mrs. Clericus' Wisdom.

BY LUCY MOORE.

(Concluded.)

The next person we called on was Mrs. Holt. She seemed surprised when our errand was made known. "Why, I gave to that last year," cried she (as if "that" was able to convert the whole world in one year!) "I don't like to belong to societies which are always coming around. One never can feel settled and easy."

"Well, it isn't such a very easy thing to convert the world, you know. The societies have to keep working and working away, and we want to help them along as much as we can, don't we?"

"I suppose so," admitted Mrs. Holt, perceiving that this was the proper thing to say. "I don't know anything about those things, and I don't like to think about them; however, if Mr. Holt will give me the money I don't know as I object. But I don't want to ask him; you know he is always ready to give to everything, so you call at the office and ask him."

"Becky," cried I, as I saw her heading for the office, "You surely are not going to collect that money from Mr. Holt—flung at you that way?"

"Yes, indeed," smiled she; "Mr. Holt is generous, I have only to ask for it. It will pay for just as much as yours or mine."

"But the spirit, Becky, the spirit!"

"She has no begrudging spirit, Kate, it is only that she 'does not know,' as she says; she needs help; who knows but what the money which Mr. Holt pays for her will be one of the drawing strings?"

"Do these women attend the missionary meeting, Becky?"

"Missionary meeting! I wonder if you know what you are talking about, Kate. There's never been a missionary meeting in this town. I keep urging Mr. Clericus to start a missionary concert, and he's going to, but he hasn't quite spurred up his courage yet. I shall not let him rest. I'm determined that before another year we shall have a missionary concert and a ladies' meeting—yes, and a young folks' band, too. A day like this is a fire in my bones!"

At Mrs. Stout's we found her sister, Mrs. Drumm, from the city. They were jolly, hearty, comfortable-looking women, both of them, and I breathed a sigh of relief, for I knew Mrs. Clericus was tired and excited, and wasn't able to be much more tired.

"Well, Mrs. Stout, I've come. You know I told you last Sunday I was coming around for your missionary money."

"Yes, and I said you should have it; but Sarah has been telling me the way they have of doing things; how much money it takes to carry on the business of the boards, and how the missionaries come home for a vacation every few years, and have silk dresses and stylish bonnets and everything in the best style, and she thinks it is a sin to support so much extravagance, and I've about decided not to give any more money."

"Yes," said Mrs. Drumm, "my brother was traveling in Japan, and he told me all about these things—how the parlor in missionary houses are full of Japanese bric-a-brac, and how the missionaries travel off to the mountains in the summer, just like anybody; and he says the secretaries at home get big salaries, and only a little of the money gets to the heathen."

I was just boiling over with rage at such bare-faced lying and contraction of spirit. "Just like anybody." Pray, why shouldn't they be just like anybody? But Becky sat quietly in her chair, and spoke in her usual gentle way (people called her undemonstrative and "without enthusiasm").

"I suppose it does take a great deal of money to administer for the boards, but I have often seen very complete statistics showing that a far less percentage goes to the administration of the board's business affairs than to that of most business corporations." Then turning to Mrs. Drumm: "I believe you go to Dr. Rostrum's church? He has a very handsome church and is a very eloquent preacher. Is he at home this summer?"

"Oh, no; he's off on his vacation. He has two months' vacation every year."

"Is he in poor health?"

"Ob, no; he's as healthy as can be; but then he likes a rest, you know. All the other ministers go, and city life is trying to ministers. We give him a fine salary, and he has only his wife and two children. They have life very pleasant."

"Don't you think the missionaries need vacations just as much as the home workers do? I should like to tell you something about one missionary's life, if you will listen."

So, she told them what I knew it was most painful for her to speak of—the life and work of her only brother in Africa. It was but two years before that he had been called higher, and those who knew what a loving, laborious, self-sacrificing work he did know what a story Becky Clericus had to tell; and she told it with her heart on her lips, as those speak who have felt the close touch of a life bound in with the Master's.

When she got through there were tears in the eyes of us all, and I trembled a little lest Becky had not done the fitting thing.

They said very little, and we took our departure without mentioning the money; but I may tell you that, when the money came in from the auxiliary of Dr. Rostrum's church, twenty-five dollars of it was set against Mrs. Drumm's name as a "thank offering"; and a friend told me that Mrs. Drumm said she gave it because she had been "touched of God at Pinebrook." And when Mrs. Stout sent in her money there were five dollars instead of her usual two, and she wrote in the note that she wished it were more. In a postscript was added: "My sister wishes you to accept five dollars from her also, and we are both so glad you told us about your brother. We have made up our minds that if the Board sent out but one faithful missionary in a year, it is well worth our while to help it work."

It was getting late, and Becky must go home, for there was supper to get; but as we passed a little cottage whose garden was gay with posies, she said: "There's Mrs. Benison in the garden."

And at that moment Mrs. Benison looked up—a little dried-up bit of a woman, but looking as if much sweetness had remained in the drying—and cried: "Oh! it's you, is it? Come in and see my pansies."

And as we stooped over the bed to admire the bright little flowers arrayed in robes of purple royalty, but knowing no toiling, she reached up to kiss Becky.

"You needn't tell me what you've been doing, my dear; but never mind. These things move slowly, but they do move. Pinebrook never started down that mountain but that it found company before it got to the bottom."

And we went away with a bunch of heart's-ease in our hands, and a sense of it in our hearts, to the little paragon on the slope of the hill.

Five years ago, dear friends, and this summer I went to Pinebrook again, and there were some changes. The Ladies' Missionary Meeting comes every fourth Friday afternoon, and if you should go in there you would find the *Missionary Herald and Life and Light*, and you would see a band of ladies who have learned, little by little, to love the Lord's harvest wherever in the world they find the white fields.

One of them said to me—one who a year or two ago would not have been found in any religious meeting: "Its ignorance, Miss Kate, that makes people so ugly about giving to missions. They don't know anything, nor did I; but Mrs. Clericus kept a-comin' and lendin' me papers. Of course, I was 'shamed not to read 'em, and I kept gettin' interested, and now I wouldn't miss a meetin' for anything, and I lend my own magazines."

And there is a young ladies' circle, too, working along, and in its own way finding out the secret of the giver's joy.

I mustn't forget the missionary concert, must I, where the young folks read papers, and help the pastor in a way which makes his heart burn within him. And as I write this I think of quiet Mrs. Clericus, and I say to myself: "No; it is not always the woman of one idea that the world needs. There is a place for her of many ideas, who consecrates herself and every one of them to the service of Him 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'"

And I pray that there may be found in my own heart more and more abounding "the wisdom that cometh down from above, pure, peaceable, gentle, full of mercy and good fruits."

Y. M. C. A.

The address to young men in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association on last Sabbath afternoon was delivered by Rev. William H. Pendleton, D.D., from the subject, "The Story of Jesus and Inquiring Greeks."

The Doctor delivered a most touching sermon. This is the first of a series of special addresses to be delivered in the Association Hall by Dr. Pendleton during the next four weeks, and it is expected that these services will be "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." A list of topics from the present time to the last of October has been prepared, and are of special interest. Every one is invited to attend these services.

Contributions.

The "Yaso-Taiji," or Christian-Op-
posers.

There exists in Japan an association called "Yaso-Taiji," or "Suppressors of the Christian Religion." Some time ago a band of these men came to Wobayama, and marched about the city, carrying flags inscribed with the motto, "Expel Christ the Robber"; and they also held meetings and endeavored to arouse the people to join them in their project. They advertised their meetings as services for the extension of the true religion. About twenty persons carrying these flags went into the Greek church as if to frighten the worshippers, but nothing more was attempted.

Meetings of a similar character were also held in Osaka, and when some of the hearers heard the bitter denunciation of the speakers and their hostile plans, they called out, "No! no!" This made the leaders very angry, and they replied, "Come out here if you are a Christian and we will meet you in argument, and show that you are followers of a false and wicked faith."

At the same time others cried, "Beat and kill those fellows who are Christians." Then a rush was made with sticks and clubs, and for a time there was danger of very serious results. The men were cruelly beaten, and barely escaped with their lives. One of them fled, leaving his outer garment in the hands of his pursuers. The man who thus escaped was not known to the Christians, and it is supposed that he may be a secret believer. In the meantime the policemen have made some arrests, and are looking for others who have been the cause of the trouble. A warning has been given to the Christians to avoid all such gatherings in the future.

A meeting of like character was recently held in Yokohama, also. During the exercises a person interrupted the speaker, and told him that his statements were not true. This led to some discussion, and the result was that the person objecting (who is a very fluent and popular speaker, but not a Christian) has given these men a public challenge to prove their statements; and has rented a public hall at his own expense for the purpose of combatting these men and showing their errors and folly. Thus the enemies of the truth are being met and vanquished on every side. At the same time, a spirit of candid inquiry is growing among all classes.

Some time ago there was an announcement made that there would be Christian lectures at the village of Sadaji, in the province of Bizen. Thereupon, the priests were very much troubled, and the different sects joined together and sent to Tokio for a distinguished speaker to come and overthrow Christianity. A meeting was arranged at the same time, and in the very next building to the Christian services.

This being the first lecture by the Buddhists in that place, there was a large crowd of old and young, with rosaries in their hands, to hear the doctrines of Buddha and the folly of Christianity. But when they heard only an attack upon all religions, and nothing to support Buddhism (as the speaker was only a blatant infidel of the Ingels type), the hearers were greatly disappointed, and left in large numbers for the purpose of attending the Christian service.

Rev. Mr. Uchida (the speaker) made no reference to the peculiar circumstances, but gave them a good and plain gospel discourse. The people listened very quietly, and at the close some of the old men remarked: "If this is Christian teaching, it is good. It is but reasonable that Buddhism fails and Christianity prospers, for the priests are not able to defend their own faith, and must resort to slander in order to hinder the progress of the Christian religion."

It was intended and advertised that the Buddhist service was to last two or three days, but at the end of the first meeting the whole thing was dropped, and the result was only a help to the Christian cause.

"Buddhist lectures for the suppression of Christianity" were also held at Asakusa in Tokio. Two orators spoke in the presence of about four hundred people, among whom were some Christian believers. Disputes arose in the course of the proceedings, and at one time it seemed that the speakers would appeal to force, but peace was restored by the efforts of the police.

In the town of Omiya some wicked men hired a theater and got up an exhibition that was expressly intended as a burlesque of Christianity, and to check its progress. One day there appeared a young man in the audience who announced: "I am a Christian and belong to the Doshisha (a Christian school in Kyoto). Why, therefore, do you speak evil of our holy religion?" Then he began a discussion with the actors. After much excitement and angry talking, he at last said: "I acknowledge I have been wrong, and I now give up being a follower of that evil way." He soon after left the place; but it was found upon inquiry that no student of the Doshisha had been there at all. This young fellow was only one of the same company, and had thus arranged to deceive the people and injure the reputation of Christians.

At a recent Shinto festival in the town of Nishinomiya several Christians and colporteurs gathered and arranged for preaching services, and the sale of Scriptures at three different places. Besides this, there was also singing and other exercises at the church, attended by large numbers. This was continued until midnight, and the next day even greater crowds assembled to hear the words of life. Many heard with gladness, and some of the number have asked about uniting with the church. It was heretofore reported that out-door preaching

would not be allowed in that place, but there was no trouble whatever.

I have before referred to the invitation of Mr. Itagaki (former leader of the Liberal party) to Christian missionaries to visit the town of Kocho, in the province of Tosa. Work was begun there in November last, and now there is an established church of fifty-five members. Among them is the Vice-President of the Liberal party, and many others of rank and influence. The young man who has recently gone there to preach has so many calls for his services that Rev. Dr. Verbeck has just gone to his assistance. There is an earnest desire for a Christian teacher for the best school in the place.

The sale of Scriptures in July was 3,416 volumes.
H. LOOMIS,
Agent A. B. S.

Personal Benefits from Earnest Theological Study.

That careful attention is required to make any work fully successful in its execution and results is so self-evident to any thoughtful mind that no proof needs to be presented here. That a certain man is careless is sufficient ground for judging what his work is most likely to be.

Those actions of the body which go on unconsciously to ourselves do not in any way affect our subject. Neither is it at all necessary to give a long explanation of those processes, both of body and mind, which after continued repetition, come to be almost automatic. The wonderful facility of operation of which both body and mind are capable is well understood. Whatever the appearance may be, after careful thought, it must be admitted that, as soon as the mind ceases to control its own very act, all is confused and disjoined.

Taking this, then, as a starting point, we have only to mention the special reasons for earnestness and zeal in study, and particularly apply them to theological study.

Study, in its most limited signification, implies a course of mental training to prepare the mind for larger and grander activity. Littlestness and indifference would never accomplish this end. Too great care and earnest effort cannot be exercised in laying the very beginnings of a foundation on which so grand a mind or soul structure can be raised.

But study, in its best sense, denotes a search, and truth the object of the search. Earnestness and care are required to simply appropriate as one's own truths accepted as such from others; but to make such truths permanently one's own, a deep interest in and love for the truth is indispensable. All this care and interest brings the mind and soul only into the antechamber of study or truth-seeking.

The active, or rather the thoughtful, mind is continually turning in upon itself, or outward on its surroundings, and raising questions of how, why, when and what. The vast ranges and resources of a created universe invite these questionings: What would a careless mind make for itself out of an atom, the force of gravity or the facts of consciousness?

All these questions might be discussed to a certain extent, and, perhaps, be answered. Still, the highest level of the truth-seeker would not be attained. Such investigations and acquisitions for their own sakes, or the sake of those making them, though praiseworthy in some measure, are still unworthy of the true intent of study.

Truth is to be sought after, as for a hidden treasure; not for what it will bring in the market, but for itself. This is the true spirit of all study. It is especially the spirit of earnest, theological study. It is supposed that the student is at work for a higher end than mere mental discipline or even a desire to store the mind with formulae or facts.

In theological study the facts of science and history lose none of their interest and helpfulness. The vast fields of truth are all inviting and free of access.

To get at the deep vital truths of life, time, a world to come, of man in his relations to God, of the divine nature, all the mental power one can command and all the soul's love of divine truth is weak and insufficient, except as they are aided by the divine spirit.

L. D. B.

Thirty-six Years Ago.

Extracts from the *Hartford Daily Courant*, Thursday morning, May 31, 1849:

"Lieutenant Beale of the United States Navy, arrived in New York from California on Tuesday, coming by way of New Orleans and Charleston. He left San Francisco on the 4th of April in the *Oregon*, and reached Panama on the 10th of May.

"Lieutenant Beale remained in San Francisco two weeks, during which time the weather was wet and cold. Not much digging had in that time been done in the placers. All accounts from the mines confirm the reports of the abundance of gold. The *Oregon* left with about \$120,000 in gold, and the *California* had a large quantity on board. The *Oregon* and *California* would return in about ten days. Lieutenant Beale brought with him one piece of pure gold, weighing eighty one ounces, worth \$1,500, and others of smaller size.

"There are but fifty women in San Francisco, twenty of whom are Americans. Should a shipload of females arrive, all the single ones would receive offers of marriage before they landed.

"Nearly the whole of Captain Sutter's 40,000 bushels of wheat, at Sutter's Fort, in California, has rotted in the field, for want of hands to harvest it.

"Lieutenant Beale says that the only punishment for all crimes committed there is hanging. When a person commits any theft or outrage, he is brought before a jury of twelve men, who go through the regular forms of a trial, and, if convicted, he is executed at once. One man has recently been executed for stealing a horse."

National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

CALL FOR THE 12TH ANNUAL MEETING AT PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCT. 30 TO NOV. 2, 1885.

To the *White Ribbon Army*: Ten months of the mightiest agitation known to temperance annals are well nigh past. Whatever agitates educators, and public opinion is rapidly converging on the liquor traffic with the conviction not only that it is the "gigantic crime of crimes," but that it is also the supreme issue in politics, to be settled by nothing short of unconditional surrender to total prohibition. Three States, Oregon, Tennessee and Rhode Island, have this year voted to submit to the people a constitutional prohibitory amendment and nine have enacted laws for scientific temperance education in the public schools, five of them, Nebraska, Maine, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, being satisfactory even to the W. C. T. U. The International S. S. Lesson Committee has designated a quarterly temperance lesson in its new series, and the deliverances of assemblies, conferences and synods have marked a strong and progressive temperance sentiment. Many of our State presidents and our organizers, national and State, have been steadily in the field, with results equal to those of any previous year; and our gospel work has been more than usually successful; while in foreign lands our gentle ambassador, Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, is steadily winning her way, and were represented at the International Temperance Convention at Antwerp, Belgium, Sept. 12, by five delegates, among them Mrs. Mary B. Willard and Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith. That the centennial year of the temperance reform in America has been signaled by more of legislative progress than any similar period can show, is to our faith a token of the guiding Providence whose path in the world's history is always "better, farther on."

Grateful for this brave march of events and not unmindful of the fact that wide differences of opinion relative to lines of policy have developed among us, we call for a *Centennial Day of Prayer on the 8th of October*. Thanksgiving and supplication will both become us, at this time, for only the wisdom that cometh down from above and is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated," will suffice us for the needs of our coming convention. It will be held in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Philadelphia, October 30 to November 2. St. George's Hall has also been engaged, and our accommodations will be all that we could desire. The Executive Committee is requested to meet in the same place on Thursday, Oct. 29, at 10 o'clock, a. m. On the afternoon of that day the superintendents of national departments and the national organizers are invited to sit with the Executive Committee. On Friday, afternoon, Oct. 30, the stockholders of the Woman's Temperance Publication Association will hold their meeting as a part of convention work. It was decided at St. Louis to have the date of the convention so arranged that the Sabbath day should come between our first and last two days of business, thus increasing the religious spirit by which our deliberations have always been so strongly characterized. Meetings will be held on the Sabbath preceding the convention, to be addressed by our chief speakers. All business will be put aside during one hour of each morning session that the usual prayer and consecration meeting may be held. The corresponding secretaries of States and Territories are requested to send the names and postoffice addresses of delegates and alternates to Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, 16 E. 14th street, New York, who will make out a roll of delegates for the convention and will supply the corresponding secretaries with blanks for delegates' credentials. Entertainment will be furnished to delegates, whose names should be promptly sent to Mrs. J. R. Jones, 2051 Walnut St., Philadelphia, President of Philadelphia W. C. T. U. For information concerning railroad rates address Mrs. H. H. Forrest, 2524 Chestnut Ave., Philadelphia. Miss Helen L. Hood, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, will arrange for the usual special car for delegates from the West.

Please note carefully the following basis of representation: "ARTICLE III. Membership.—The Annual Meeting shall be composed of the Executive Committee, the State Corresponding and Recording Secretaries and Treasurers, the Superintendents of departments, the editor and publisher of our official organ, one delegate at large from each auxiliary State, and one delegate for every five hundred paying members of auxiliary State Unions. Territories and the District of Columbia will be represented on the same basis."—From *Constitution of National W. C. T. U.*

FRANCES E. WILLARD, President.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE, Rec. Sec.

The Working Class.

"The working-class is the only class which is not a class. It is the nation. It represents, so to speak, the body as a whole, of which the other classes only represent special organs. These organs, no doubt, have great and indispensable functions, but for most purposes of government the State consists of the vast laboring majority. Its welfare depends on what their lives are like."—*Frederic Harrison*.

That is a terse statement of a great truth. Adam was a laborer. All his descendants are or ought to be laborers, and the vast majority must always be manual laborers. Hence, the rights and interests of laborers are not the rights and interests of a class, but of humanity—of the race.—*Interior*.

It is estimated that £4,000,000 are annually given away in London in charities.

Change of Time.

APPOINTMENT OF DELEGATES.

Owing to others gatherings, the Annual Convention of the State W. C. T. U. of California will be held at Petaluma, October 6th, 7th, and 8th, instead of September, as previously announced. The Convention will open Tuesday evening, at 7:30 p. m., in the Congregational Church. Two delegates from each Local, officer of local and County Unions, State officers, Superintendents of departments, will send their names to Mrs. S. D. Whitney, Petaluma, for entertainment. It is hoped that arrangements will be made by which delegates paying full fare will have a small portion returned on the certificate of the Secretary. Tuesday evening Mrs. Greene, President of the Vermont W. C. T. U., is expected to deliver an address. If unable to be present so early in the convention, there will be opening remarks by the President, an address of welcome, and response. Wednesday evening, Bible-readings by Mrs. Peet, of Haywards. Thursday evening Mrs. Virginia Smith, of Hartford, will deliver an address on "The Children." The President desires that a large representation of the entire State shall be present, as she positively retires from office at this time, and wishes all Unions to greet the incoming President, and be prepared for a year of blessed gospel work.

Mrs. P. D. BROWN,
Pres. W. C. T. U. of Cal.

Mrs. H. H. HAVENS,
Cor. Sec. W. C. T. U. of Cal.

Brevities.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—*Ruskin*.

John Ruskin, the famous art critic, is lying dangerously ill.

"Just being in a hurry all over," is the fit description a little girl gave of nervousness.

A roofing material made from paper pulp is intended to supersede slate. It makes a much lighter roof.

Dr. C. F. Deems has been re-elected president of the Summer School of Christian Philosophy for another year.

Canon Farrar, the noted Arch-deacon of Westminster, is coming to America, and will deliver three lectures in New York City.

The edelweiss, the famous Alpine flower, will grow in common garden earth, mixed with a little lime, so there is no need of going to Switzerland for it.

The *Boston Journal* states that a new religious paper is to be started in that city, to be called *The Congregationalist*.

The Revs. Edward Beecher, I. N. Tarbox and Havens are to be its editors.

Mr. Goschen, of England, once Chancellor of the Exchequer, said in a public address, "We drink now only 10 glasses of spirits for every 13 that we drank in the greatest drinking year, which was 1875."

Two races of men are surely dying out: the Laplanders, who number 30,000, and the Maories, of New Zealand, reduced, from 100,000 to 45,000 since the days of Capt. Cook, and likely to be extinct by the year 2000.

It is alleged that the original manuscript of Rev. Solomon Spaulding, from which it has long been supposed the Book of Mormon was composed, has been found, and is now in Oberlin, Ohio. Its publication is proposed.

The Queen of England is supposed to have about 300,000,000 subjects. Of these 45,000,000 are Christians, or nominally so; 60,000,000 Mohammedans, 175,000,000 Hindus; 7,000,000 Buddhists; and 7,000,000 pagans under other names.

Mr. D. L. Mooly will, it is expected, commence his fall campaign this year in the Southern States. New Orleans has already sent him an invitation, signed by eighteen of her city pastors, inviting him to come here and hold a series of union meetings.

Nothing worth having is obtained without a sacrifice by somebody. Whether this is a law or not, it is a fact. It is equally true that struggle is required to obtain anything good. The men who succeed best are active, patient, persevering and thoughtful.

Judge James Garland, who was probably the oldest judge in the world, and it is thought, the oldest Mason in the United States, died at Lynchburg, Virginia, August 8. He had been at the bar and on the bench seventy-three years. In all of his official life he had but two of his decisions reversed.

London issues periodicals with an annual circulation of 1,017,000,000. Paris with a far smaller population, issues periodicals with an annual circulation of 1,100,000,000. New York and Brooklyn, with a population nearly two-thirds that of Paris produce publications with an annual circulation of 516,000,000.

The breaking up of the family circle on earth has often been the means of reuniting all the loved ones in heaven. The treachery of earthly friends has often driven us to closer communication with the faithful and true friend on high. The wreck of earthly hopes has often enriched our immortal hopes. The vanity of this world has led us to seek more earnestly for the solid realities of the world to come.—*Dr. Peck*.

A bright story is now told of the accomplished wife—now dead—of General Hooker. When she was the admired Miss Gruebeck of Cincinnati, she was once at an evening party, when a fashionable young dandy was asked if he would like to be presented to her. "Oh, yes," said he, languidly, "trot her out."

The lady overheard the remark, and when he was presented she adjusted her eyes, and slowly scanned his clothing from boot to collar. The survey finished, she waved her hand and carelessly said: "Trot him back."

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Children's Department.

FIVE LITTLE WHITE HEADS.

Five little white heads peeped out of the mold,
When the dew was damp and the night was cold;
And they crowded their way through the soil with pride.
"Hurrah! we are going to be mushrooms!" they cried.

But the sun came up, and the sun shone down,
And the little white heads were shriveled and brown.
Long were their faces; their pride had a fall—
They were nothing but toadstools, after all.

—St. Nicholas.

Little Scotch Granite.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

At night, before close of the school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.
"Yes, sir," answered Willie.
"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.
"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly; "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie; "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was all allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, red-denying. "There isn't any sense in the old rule; and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I have not," said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one hour?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night, if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time, the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in play-time; but, according to his account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks, the boys answered "nine" and "eight" often than they used to. Yet the school-room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached to them or told tales; but, somehow, it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth.

It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see, and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry; for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General—, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Granite!" shouted the forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made true nobility in their eyes.—*The British Evangelist.*

Why Bees Work in the Dark.

A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a beehive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a problem for the mathematician, while the changes which the honey undergoes offer, at least, an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it candies, as the saying is—and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change is due to a photographic action; that the same agent which determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Schiebler, an eminent chemist, has inclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid.

And this is why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access

to this the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.—*Selected.*

Her Grammar.

It is a pathetic sight to watch the meanderings of a child's mind through the intricacies of English grammar. Little Jane had repeatedly been reproved for doing violence to the moods and tenses of the verb "to be." She would say "I be," instead of "I am," and for a time it seemed as if no one could prevent it. Finally, Aunt Kate made a rule not to answer an incorrect question, but to wait until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate busy with embroidery and little Jane over her dolls. Presently doll society became tedious, and the child's attention was attracted to the embroidery frame.

"Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell me what that is going to be?"
But Aunt Kate was counting, and did not answer. Fatal word, *be!* It was her old enemy, and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an honest attempt to correct her mistake, "please tell me what that is going to am."

Still Auntie sat silently counting, though her lip curled with amusement. Jane sighed, but made another patient effort.

"Will you please tell me what that is going to are?"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would come next. The little girl gathered her energies for one last and great effort:

"Aunt Kate, what am that going to are?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Bowler.

Bowler is only a horse; but he knows how to behave when he wears his Sunday suit. That is more than some children know. There are little ones who make mud pies when they have on their best clothes. Bowser never does.

Bowler drags a cart on week-days; on Sunday he goes to church with a buggy. When John puts the heavy harness upon Bowser, the horse goes to the cart and backs in. When he is dressed in the nice buggy-harness, he steps off proudly, and gets into the shafts of the buggy. He does this all alone. He never makes a mistake.

One day Bowser had a set of new shoes. When the blacksmith put them on, he drove a nail into one of Bowser's feet. John did not notice it until they were almost home. When he saw that Bowser limped a little, he said: "I must lead the poor fellow back when I get him out of the cart."

They reached home and John took off Bowser's harness. As soon as he was free, the horse turned around and trotted off. When John called him, he did not mind. He went straight to the blacksmith.

"Hello, Bowser!" cried the blacksmith.

The poor horse said nothing, but walked up to the man and held out his aching foot.

Then the blacksmith put the shoe on all right; and he patted Bowser kindly, and said, "You know a great deal for a horse."—*Our Little Ones.*

Faith in Action.

A poor little street girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to a hospital.

While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered:

"I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go 'way from here just as soon as I gets well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow." Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know'd 'bout Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "'bout Jesus bein' born?"—*Faithful Witness.*

The Third Time Was the Charm.

A shepherd, once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else: "I am thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and, leaping through an open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato-field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the farm-yard, where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated the outlook, but on the false alarm being the third time given, the dog got up and, wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Signboards.

Vigorous opposition of the liquor dealers to the temperance movement is natural, and to be expected, for we war against their pecuniary interests; and if you touch some men in the pocket you touch them where they live. Were these men to exhibit at their places of business a truthful signboard, it would read: "Delirium tremens, fever disease, pauperism, crime, redness of eyes, wounds without cause, rage, wretchedness, despair and death for sale here."

That would be a truthful sign, but it would injure their business more than all the temperance organizations in existence. The liquor seller will not even set up in his barroom a specimen of his work; he puts up blinds at the doors and screens at the windows to hide his work from the passer-by; but the shoemaker and the tailor exhibit their work in their windows, and show what they have made out of the raw material.

The tailor, when he has finished a new coat, places it where it may be seen by the greatest number of customers; when the shoemaker has finished a first-class pair of boots he places them in his window, because the exhibition tends to increase his trade. With the liquor-seller it is quite different. He is ashamed of his finished work. With him the raw material is always worth more than the finished article. Were he to exhibit that he would lose his trade. No wonder he is ashamed to exhibit his work.

In the world's great exhibitions you have seen finished articles of nearly every manufacture, from a toothpick to a locomotive, and the exhibitors were anxious to explain the method of manufacture, or the texture of the woven fabrics. Almost every conceivable specimen of man's ingenuity and skill was there represented, from the raw material to the finished article.

But there was one specimen of manufacture absent. I remember, at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston, many years ago, being struck with this fact, and, on mentioning it to Deacon Moses Grant, he proposed to apply to the managers for permission to exhibit a specimen of the liquor-seller's work. He knew a man who was once worth \$40,000, who was then debased and ruined through drink, who agreed for a dollar a day to stand in that fair with a label in front of him, which read as follows: "I was once worth \$40,000. I was once respected and respectable. I once moved in good society. Such things as I am now are made out of such men as I once was. Please give us a premium for one of the best specimens to be found in the city."

But they would not admit him! The liquor-seller is ashamed of the results of his infamous trade. A boy was passing by a liquor shop, and seeing a drunken man lying in the gutter in front of the saloon, knocked at the door, and said: "Mister, your sign's fell down," and the angry liquor-seller chased him half-round the square.

See the results of this traffic in its true colors, placed so full and fair before you that the very youngest cannot err in their decision. A liquor-seller had a tavern undergoing repairs. One day a boy came running to his mother, crying out, "Mother, mother! 'What is it, my boy?" "Mr. Poole's tavern is finished, mother."

"How do you know, my dear?" inquired the mother. "Why, I saw a man come out drunk!" Now, that is the legitimate fruit of the dram-shop.—*Gough's Platform Echoes.*

Eating When Sick.

It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin at once to ask, "Now, what can you eat?" Every one has heard the old story of the man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion, when engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece!" "No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away, pa's sick." When a young man has surfeited, in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives away, and a fever is coming on, the good mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat something! People can't live without food!" Then comes toast and tea, etc.

The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulating, or food, than a jaded horse needs the whip! What is needed is rest, complete rest. Nineteenth of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' starvation when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread, with cold water for drink. If such a policy was generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession!—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

A Fast Illustrated Paper Press.

How to print large editions of finely illustrated newspapers quickly has been troubling the publishers of all such papers the world over. It is rather surprising that a Russian paper, issued in St. Petersburg, is the first to try a new press especially designed to do such work.

The press has been built by Denier of Paris, and the idea is to have the printing of the illustrations done either before or after the reading matter, but during the same run of the sheet through the press.

Thus the reading matter is made up in forms with blank spaces where the pictures go, while in the picture forms the reading space is left blank. There is an arrangement whereby the illustrations are inked by rollers separate from those used in inking the reading matter, so that fine ink can be used for the cuts and ordinary ink for the text. The making-ready is done as in all book presses. The sheets are cut as they are printed, collected five at a time, and deposited on a receiving table without any type touching the impression, and the copies, when delivered in this manner, are said to be as clean as when they leave the press.—*The Paper Mill.*

Gleanings.

How far are you saved?
There is not a moment without some duty.—*Cicero.*

Oh, how sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down at night beneath his smile!—*M. Cheyne.*

One hour of eternity, one moment with the Lord, will make us utterly forget a lifetime's desolation.

There is as much need to watch over grace as to watch over sin; full men will sleep, and sooner than hungry men.

Christ, and Christ only, has revealed that he who erred may be restored, and made clean and whole again.

Christianity is not declining, but the blaze of publicity is revealing the rotten spots in our civilization preparatory to their excision.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honors others.

There is blessed peace in looking for nothing but our daily task and our portion of Christ's cross between this day and the appointed time when we shall fall asleep in him.

Christ was treated as we deserved in order that we may be treated as he deserved. He came to earth and took our sins, that we might take his righteousness and go to heaven.

The wish falls often warm upon my heart that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.

You stormed at your child in your impatience, and felt ashamed of yourself for doing so. But you did it again the next day. You only half understood the command to watch and pray.

A minister once said at the close of his sermon: "You are ready to exclaim, 'Is it all done?' No, it is all said; it remains with you to say whether it shall be done."—*J. B. Gough.*

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fragrant of God's will fastened on its back.

A minister of God should be always accessible—even as the Master was when he kept "open house" and open heart to everybody who had a favor to ask of him. Everything "pays," whatever it costs, which helps one immortal soul to heaven.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

I wonder how many Christians there are who so thoroughly believe God made them that they can laugh in God's name; who understand that God invented laughter and gave it to his children. The Lord God delights in the laugh of a merry heart.—*Miracles of Our Lord.*

In the deepest night of sorrow God gives us so much to be thankful for that we need never cease our singing. With all our wisdom and foresight, we can take a lesson in gladness and gratitude from the happy bird that sings all night as if the day was not long enough to tell its joy.—*Coleridge.*

Beware of going through prayer in a careless, perfunctory way, like a hiring doing his work in order to get done with it. Pray in the Holy Ghost. (Jude xx) "Pray without ceasing." Pray with honest fervor and simple faith, as men who really want what they ask for, and expect to get it all.

After Christ said to Zaccheus, "This day is salvation come to this house"; to the weeping sinner, "Thy sins are forgiven thee"; to the dying thief, "This day, with me in paradise," can we think of them as fearing to be called to stand before the speaker of those words? Is our idea of him wrong in regard to the yesterday, or the forever?

Do you envy John the honor of having been "the disciple whom Jesus loved"? You may come into that inner circle of love and devotion where he lived. The Scriptures declare that "God loveth a cheerful giver." If you cheerfully give yourself to Christ with all you have, for holy use and service, you shall come into that inner sanctuary of divine fellowship where the secret of the Lord is revealed.

This is the true purpose of all things and of all times—our sanctification. We shall find this in the heart of all things, set there by God, if we will look for it, even as food is set in the green herb, and as metals lie in the dull stones. So is holiness enwrapped in every chance and change and circumstance if we have but given ourselves right up to Christ, and taken him supremely as our own, our best and dearest, and fairest and altogether lovely.—*Thoughts on Holiness.*

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1885.

The next meeting of the General Association has been already noticed, as to commence in Berkeley at 2 P. M., October 6th, and some suggestions pertinent to that event have been offered. Two weeks from this time the session will be in progress. Of course, the Provisional Committee has done all needed things by way of preparation. It is much to be desired that the meeting shall be not only a success in number and in power—it cannot fail of that—but that it shall be the largest meeting ever held, and the cheeriest. Those are the successful people in our churches, and so in our world, who are first earnest, then plucky, then hearty, then cheery, then enthusiastic. Hard work and good cheer, other things the same, make the chief difference between distinguished success and the lack of it, in ministers and churches. Now, it is the province of the General Association, and of all the members of it, to cultivate and encourage the spirit of hard work, and the disposition to good cheer. Our blessed Lord said, "Be of good cheer." The early churches sent a flood of sweetness, light and cheer into the bitterness, gloom and discouragement of the Roman Empire. As a whole (and it has always been so), the world is gloomy and sad outside of the circle of the Christian nations. And inside of the circle the tendency to agnosticism and pessimism is making havoc of virtue, heart and hope. So, without being trivial or thoughtless, we need to be high-hearted and buoyant, for the world's good and our own. And we should make the October gathering of representative Christians full of joy and gladness, because full of celestial light and divine inspirations.

The twenty-four hours from sunset of Friday evening last to sunset of Saturday evening were observed by all our people of Hebrew descent as the "Day of Atonement," the Yom Kippourim mentioned in Leviticus xxiii: 27, 28. To that chapter our readers can turn for any scriptural light upon the mode of the day's observance, when instituted. Of course, the day has not been kept wholly in the same manner the last two thousand years and more, but it is, in a religious way, the most sacred day of the year among the Hebrews, the world over, and is kept in modern times as one of the strictest of fasts. We are always pleased to observe that no place of business of any man of this race is open on the Day of Atonement; for it is fitting that all live fully up to all the wise appointments of their religion, especially to those that bear on sin and its confessions, or sin and its forgiveness. Who is not a sinner in God's sight? Who does not need to confess his faults and seek forgiveness, even oftener than once a year?

"Art," as in our Mechanics' Fair in this city, has received some severe criticisms, and probably does not deserve encomiums, except here and there. But how shall we ever reach any excellence in art till we try, and how shall we know that we have made a favorable experiment till we have done our best, and submitted it to the public inspection, and sought for helpful suggestions? If there be no improvement from year to year, and if no new producers are coming forward with each opportunity, we may properly despair, and advise the discontinuance of the art department, since it may be doubtful whether poor pictures are better than none, in the long run. And yet, why should we look every year for superior work in art, when there is such a lack of superior work in most of the other callings and professions? Do editors, even, always show their best, and think they can point to every issue as a work of art? Must we not all be modest when we think of our ideals?

One of the Saturday evening papers of this city published some of the testimony taken by the "Royal Asiatic Society" concerning the prevalence of infanticide in China and other practices of a like kind. It has fallen to the lot of so many Californians to have so many "wander-

ing through this dark world of care," and to see for themselves so many of the vices and cruelties of the heathen, that such disclosures are not new to them, however much they may disturb and distress them. The "baby town" existed at Shanghai, certainly, twenty-five years ago, and other nameless evidences of practices vile and horrible beyond description. But the Chinese are not alone. They may be vile—and we fear they are, the low mass of them—than any other people under the sun. Much of the heathen world is so bad, so sunken, so beneath all estimation, that comparisons, if possible, are needless. After one has carefully studied what the Roman world was in the first century of the Christian era as described by St. Paul in the first chapter of the noted "Epistle to Romans," he will not be surprised greatly by any discoveries of abominations in lands far less civilized than were those of Eastern Europe in the early days of Christian endeavor. Human nature is under sin and in bondage to evil everywhere. It has no "best" anywhere. It is simply bettered under some natural religions and some forms of civilization. It is, by far, the most helped by the Christian religion, which has in it the potencies of something more splendid than it has ever yet achieved. We do well to spread it as the world's only and great hope. When revilers have said their worst of Christian people, churches and lands, they will find all other peoples and lands unspeakably worse.

Here we are, at the half-year halting-place, when the globe divides itself equally, for us, between the light and the darkness; and shows us how the days and the nights go their unvarying rounds, forever, for the populations close under the equator. The fact will tell in our favor if we make it a factor in the numbering of our days. The quarter-marks of the year, surely, deserve as much note as the "quarter-poles" in a race. We shall lose our reckoning and fall behind ourselves and our requirements if we do not continually question ourselves by the signs of the heavens, to see whether we are keeping abreast with our age, in labor, plan, self-discipline and growth, and so are always in coincidence with the ordinances of heaven. Ah, never to be overdone, never to be outrun, never to grow weary, never to fall behind, never to wish the wheels of duration would tarry—what a good were that for mortals "in these walls of time!"

A writer from old Salem in the Bay State, after telling us what progress has been made in that city from the time when the magistrates whipped the Quakers and authorized the town treasurer to sell two children of them to any English traders in Barbadoes as slaves, caps the climax by the welcome information "that even her doctors, fiercest in fight and last to agree, live in perfect harmony, old and new schools advising and consulting together like a fraternity of unsectarian and unselfish physicians, ambitious only to advance and perfect the healing art, minister successfully at sick-beds, and save the lives of patients." If that be so, it is utterly ungracious for the old reproaches to be ever brought up again, and we do not see how any one can have the face to say that the former times are better than these.

We are told that originally God said: "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years." Then the lights of the sky were constituted, divinely, the timekeepers of the universe. Elsewhere we are taught that wisdom may be gained by the numbering of our days. All people recognize this when the winter solstice comes, with Christmas and New Year's in its train. Then there are all sorts of reviewing, recounting, re-remembering and new-starting, and no one thinks it a trivial matter that he is continually reminded of the lapse of time and privilege, and urged to fresh diligence. But why should the other "sign" which the rolling sun makes be less heeded?

It is stated that the gifts of the late Cyrus H. McCormick to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Chicago amount to \$450,000. Such a fact might serve to suggest to rich men on the Pacific Slope whether they have appreciated as yet the value of such seminaries in the building of these States. We are glad to hear that even in these hard times Dr. Ellis has succeeded in obtaining pledges by installments for \$35,000 from the churches of California for the San Francisco Seminary. But why should not some Mr. McCormicks arise to take each of our theological schools right along?

Rev. Dr. S. W. Duncan, of Rochester, has been unanimously elected President of Vassar College.

Alleged Decadence of Evangelical Christianity.

It is curious to observe how many classes of people there are in our day who join in the cry that the evangelical churches are declining. They may be thrown into, say, five groups. Thus, there are scattered among the churches some earnest members who are of this opinion. It is a grief to them to have to think that the former times were better than these, for they love the churches to which they belong. But from this point of view things look unfavorable. The type of piety, or doctrine, in which they were reared was rigid, and they note the difference. The community in which their childhood was passed may have been exceptionally favored of the divine presence, while the community in which providence has cast their later years may be exceptionally lax, or age has come on and with it the old man's propensity to think pleasantly of the past, or various circumstances—ill-health, disappointment, untoward experiences—have made them sadder and more likely to note the evil than the gracious side of life.

Again, within the evangelical body, especially in some sections of it, are those who are cherishing the expectation that these are the last days of the human story; and, as they read the prophecies, the last are to be the worst days. They are to become so bad that the Lord must appear corporeally on the earth, or all things would go to wreck.

Moreover, we find people holding the same millennialist standpoint, but who have separated from the older and larger bodies of believers on this and, perhaps, on other points, such as the seventh day question or the question of natural immortality. Like all separatists, they are inclined to be critical. They look at the unfavorable signs in the churches which they have left. The dark things for which we apologize they denounce. What, in the language of the old version of Jude, we might allude to as spots in our feasts of charity, they would regard, in the language of the New Version, as "hidden rocks" in our love-feasts, and to them it is plain that our ships are going to pieces. The end is near, in their view, for the churches have become ominously corrupt. Indeed, in an elaborate review of the situation, a writer in high standing in one of these sects tells us that the modern Protestant churches are the Babylon of the Apocalypse, and, of course, nearing their downfall.

Put, now, into a fourth group the numerous individuals whose life is spent altogether in the world that now is—the world which is represented by the secular newspaper. These people note the changes that occur in that sphere. They catch the items of progress in art, science, politics, business, society, amusement. A great deal is going on there. But their eyes are holden, and they do not see much doing in the spiritual and moral realms. If a friend were said to be operating a railroad they would count him among the forces of the present. But if he were only operating a church or a missionary society, it would seem to them that he was of meager account. Some time ago we heard a paper read before some specially intelligent gentlemen, men well informed in several wide spheres. The paper gave some of the facts of evangelical progress and strength. These gentlemen were surprised, these facts were so contrary to their impressions.

There is a class of men, also, who have come to the persuasion that Christianity as represented by the historic churches has been undermined by wider knowledge and critical investigation, and cannot have any future in the coming noon of the race. To be sure, this persuasion is an old one. Voltaire had it over a hundred years ago. He believed that Christianity would disappear from the earth before the middle of this century. We are far along in the century, and his prophecy has not been realized. If he were to look in upon us, he might be surprised. Still, one need not go far from his door to find those who are able to say that the Christian faith, in any strict construction of it, is as good as dead, and survives only among the less intelligent members of the human stock. It is somewhat difficult to know whether such sayings are said because they are really believed or because they are supposed to be effective in a campaign. Still, it would seem as if there are sincere people in this last camp who have become convinced that the churches have "seen their best days." For why in the world should such as they think that faith is advancing when there are Elijahs, good and earnest believers, who cannot see such advance?

With at least, then, five classes of our fellow-citizens who, though with different motives, are giving out the alleged decadence, it might seem that if it is not falling behind in our world, it is no fault of the prophets. They are numerous

and positive enough about it. Let us, next week, look at some of the facts and see whether the allegations are true.

"Return Thanks."

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

In the old-fashioned domestic life of New England, when a Christian family sat down to the table for a household meal, some one was invited before execution began to "ask a blessing"; after which they fell to with such appropriation as their need required or their relish approved. When these conditions were satisfied, the head of the household, or at his asking some Christian guest, "returned thanks." This was just as genuine and earnest a part of the religious service at the table as that which preceded the distribution of its bounty; and it left on the hearts in the home and on all in fellowship with them a pleasant and happy impression. We have now, for the most part, perhaps altogether, but one act of acknowledgment and of invocation in our table expression, intended to include both elements and to seek no repetition. There is room, perhaps, for the question whether the element of gratitude for the Divine beneficence has as pronounced and emphatic an assertion in the modern as in the ancient type of service. And there is suggested for us also the inquiry whether we are as thoughtful and ardent in our gratitude for mercies when bestowed as in our petitions for such relief while the issue is doubtful.

How is it in the morning when the light of the new day shines upon our face and our pillow, and we wake in the enjoyment of reason and of health, according to our earnest request when we laid us down to sleep? Do we match that request with the ardor of our gratitude under the favoring answer to our prayer? Or, do we rise in careless mood, and go carelessly about our fresh occupation?

When we set out on a voyage over the wave, and when that voyage is prosecuted under a varied sky, we look up and ask that He who holds the winds in His fist and measures the sea in His palm will bring us safely to our wished-for port; and if the sea grow turbulent our entreaties become the more intense. What passion and expression of thankfulness have we when we are safely landed?

When some brooding sickness steps us in pain and weariness and fear, we ask for healing mercies with great intensity of spirit. Will the Supreme One bring us safely through? We beseech Him fervently. When we walk forth from our chamber, restored to health and strength, how glowing is the look we cast upward to Him who rebuked our disease and led us forth in the enjoyment of our wonted soundness and vigor?

So in all the round of our peril and our need, on sea and on shore, in sickness and in health, in troubles of the flesh and of the spirit, through all the variations of a changeable, earthly experience, we have frequent and abundant occasion to intercede for Heaven's compassion, and our lips plead most intensely for such favor. When the deliverance is vouchsafed, with what fervor of mind and passion of heart is it acknowledged?

Oh, that our thanksgiving may be as fervid for mercies and favors received as are our entreaties for such blessings when our need is sorest, and our way most absolutely beset!

Upper Bay Conference.

We have met, organized and come home gladdened. We felt the endowment of power, and expect the Abiding Presence. You will want to know who was present, and what they said and did.

1. Who were there—Nearly everybody—Dr. Willey and a goodly number of his good people; a half-dozen friends or more from Martinez, with their lunch-baskets, to help form the noon collations (a hint offered to the State Association); all the nine ministers and delegates from seven churches. They came in the Spirit, walked in the Spirit, and I believe, will go in the Spirit, to Berkeley. The ministers you know—Revs. Tubb, Tade, Strong, Vaile, from Bethany and Antioch, Clayton and Martinez; Revs. Jones, Willey, Hitchcock, Tenney, from Vallejo, Benicia, Suisun, Rio Vista. Deacon D. Edwards, the delegate from Crockett, was as good as a minister, and we were intellectually and spiritually quickened by the presence of our new brother, Pastor H. W. Jones, and of his delegate, Deacon George Allen of Vacaville. And the power of all was felt, since there was "neither bond nor free, no male and female, for all were one in Christ Jesus." Constant and a growing attendance, with closest attention, characterized the audience.

2. What they did—The ministers, after much deliberation, formed an Upper Bay Association, to meet five times a year, once in connection with the Conference. Arrangements were made providing for a constitution, the time and place of first meeting, with a programme. The Conference formed a temporary organization by choosing Rev. Dr. S. H. Willey Moderator, Revs. J. H. Strong Assistant, and C. S. Vaile Scribe. These were elected also as officers of the Conference for the ensuing year, and as a committee for the preparation of constitution, etc., to be presented at the next meeting, to be held in Martinez early in June. A whole session, and perhaps a day, is always to be given to Sunday-school work. The excellent, printed programme was carried out fully, and we felt, creditably—at least, helpfully.

3. What was said—Much quickening to mind and heart. A layman was heard to say he had not received as much good for years. This spiritual good came to all from real devotional meetings and a constant devotional spirit which was increased by the sermon from Gal. vi: 14—"The Cross, the Glory of Christians"—and culminated in the gladness of communion, and in the tenderness of the

thought of the "indwelling of the Holy Spirit."

Tuesday was devoted to the Sunday-school. Reports from all schools, though incomplete. Of 5,000 children in Solano, and 3,000 in Contra Costa between the ages five and seventeen, 1,000 in each county are enrolled in Sunday-school; 2,000 getting some hints of Bible morality, religion, life; some 7,000 left to the natural religion of Californian training and example. What four "slickens" make sluggish the rivers of spiritual activity, lay waste fields of morality, and make shallow the inlets of God's impouring power! How much is needed of consultation, study, prayer, faith and work. Yet, the reports were, on the whole, encouraging. Some sort of Sunday-schools are in the majority of school districts—at least, Sunday-schools are accessible to far more children than attend. More teachers are wanted, more of interest and organized effort. Antioch makes the best showing; with 195 children, 92 persons are enrolled in Sunday-school, with an average of 72. The average in Martinez for the last few months is 41, but the number present the last Sabbath was 74. Crockett, beginning with 12, reaches 40, average 24. But the street teaches far more and faster. Rio Vista has "best superintendent," and enjoys use of "Bible Questions." Benicia has 40 to 50 smaller pupils, hardly so many older ones, and could have 200 if there were teachers and workers. There seemed little difficulty in raising funds for the Sunday-school.

We urge every actual and prospective teacher to read the admirable paper on "My Class," presented by Mrs. F. W. Fish, and enthusiastically requested for publication in THE PACIFIC. The question from the "Drawer" showed crying needs, and some of them were suggested by Brother Tenney in the "outline for our next programme":

1. How to conduct the school when death of teachers.
2. Devotional and doctrinal formulas in the school.
3. The Sunday-school concert.
4. The mission work of the Sunday-school.
5. The school auxiliary to public worship.

In an address on "The Sunday-school in Religious Education," Brother Tubb, starting from the point of Sunday-school publication and literature, followed on, showing the immense extent and value of this education. We wish space allowed extracts from the papers presented. The value of the opening addresses was shown in the interest and discussion excited. Drinking, gambling and worldliness were deemed the chief hindrances to success in Christian work.

The Scribe would suggest that the overturning of these is the work, and "we could not because of lack of faith," work and organized co-operation.

Rev. H. W. Jones showed how rapidly the religious influence of woman had widened, but the end is not reached. Her voice should be heard more often in prayer, witness, exhortation and address. Her failure to use power and privilege is deleterious to girls, boys and men, who know of this, her power. May not so-called feminine modesty be merely the modesty natural to all?

In speaking of "Bible food" as essential to work, Brother Jones of Vallejo gave most valuable and telling facts in comparing the moral conditions of Wales and California. The evening service fitly crowned the whole. We are glad we met, and bear witness that it is good for two to meet together.

The Bay Conference.

The Bay Conference met with the Cloverdale church on September 14th and 15th, and was opened with a sermon by Rev. C. W. Hill of San Jose, on the words "The Son of Man." Thirteen churches were represented, and the attendance upon all the meetings was good.

Rev. E. G. Beckwith was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Herbert Macy Registrar, and Rev. J. Rea Scribe.

The Conference accepted the invitation of the Market-street branch, Oakland, to meet with them next February. The question of the bounds of the Conference was postponed until next meeting.

Rev. Dr. Moor read a carefully prepared paper on "The Alleged Decadence of Evangelical Christianity," which was requested for publication in THE PACIFIC.

Rev. Mr. Marty addressed the Conference on "The Best Use of the Sabbath for the Christian."

The churches then reported their work. Mainly, these reports were encouraging, showing steady growth all along the line. At noon on Tuesday, we all partook of a delightful lunch, prepared at the house of Mrs. John Chalfant, by the ladies of the church.

The afternoon exercises began with the topic "A Working Church," opened by Dr. McLean, who, after a few words of preface, called Rev. A. S. Huston and W. S. Merriam of the Oakland Branch to the witness stand, and the Conference proceeded to gather, by question and answer, a practical idea of what a real working church is. The discussion which followed was very spirited and helpful.

We then celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Rev. Mr. Huston and Rev. Mr. Marty taking charge of the service.

The evening session was devoted to the Sunday-school work, led by Dr. Beckwith, part of the time being given to a practical illustration of how to make Conference meetings enjoyable and attractive to young people by a young people's service of prayer, praise and address.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Cloverdale church and helpers for their kind entertainment, and to the railroad for reduced fares, after which came the closing devotional exercises and adjournment.

Woman's Work.

The following reports of women's mission work, in connection with the different churches, was kindly furnished your correspondent by Mrs. Moore of the First church. It came to hand a little late, but is of such great interest that I gladly forward it:

The meetings of the Chautauqua Assembly were preceded by a union meeting of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies, commencing at 9 A. M. in the pavilion at Long Beach, Los Angeles Co., August 27th. After the opening exercises Mrs. Dorsey read an excellent report of woman's missionary work in the Baptist Church. Forty-six women are employed as missionaries in the foreign fields of India, China, Japan, Burma, Africa and Siam. The most successful work has been in the medical and zenana work in India, and Miss Field's work among the native Bible women. An important and interesting field has been opened up in the Congo valley. Twenty-six missionaries are already there. For the home missionary work a training school is established in Chicago, giving instruction in Bible theology and Sunday-school work; also kindergarten methods and medical lectures. A great work has been accomplished among the freedmen of the South, the Indians and foreigners of our own land.

The following report was read by Mrs. Moore of the Woman's Board of the Congregational Church: The first organized missionary society of any note was known as the New England Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. This was in Boston, January 6, 1868. At the beginning of this work many wise heads shook apprehensively, and one Congregational minister thought the existence of a woman's board a "relic of barbarism," and he was not alone in his verdict. Since then the work has broadened and deepened, both in the foreign field and in the hearts of its helpers. The total of the first year's collections amounted to \$9,129.90. The total of all the collections since organized has reached the sum of \$1,149,138.59, and by the close of this year it will probably reach \$2,000,000. Not less than \$150,000 has been put into permanent investment, besides the home at Constantinople. The Pacific branch of this Woman's Board alone has secured \$35,000, giving moneyed interests in schools established in Broussa (Turkey), Kioto (Japan), San Sebastian (Spain).

Mrs. I. M. Condit represented the Presbyterian Church in a report of the workings of the Occidental Board, Philadelphia. The headquarters of this Board are at 933 Sacramento and 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The Woman's Foreign Society was organized in 1870; the Occidental Board was organized in 1872. It now has two school buildings for girls in Canton (China), a home in Kolhapur and Mainpuri (India), a missionary house at Elawar (India), a sanitarium at Woodstock (India) costing \$10,000, at Sidon (Syria) a seminary, at Tripoli a boys' school, in Persia six chapels and a hospital, at Oranah a boys' school, in Mexico a school, home and chapel, in Laos the Bible in their own language; in 1876 the publication of "Woman's Work for Women," "Children's Work for Children," the catechism of the different missionary fields, and mission leaflets. October 31, 1876, a Chinese Home was opened in San Francisco for women and children. This Home cost \$10,000. Since that 154 girls and women have been rescued. From this Home more than a score of women have gone forth as wives of Christian men to establish homes. There are 34 inmates at present.

Mrs. Dr. Seymour's report of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church was then read by Mrs. Judge Widney. Sixteen years ago the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church was organized. As a woman's movement it had many critics and opponents among able ministers and laymen. After nine years' trial Dr. Dashiell, Missionary Secretary, said for every dollar the parent Board loses on account of donations to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society the general cause of missions gains ten dollars. Ninety-six young women in all have been sent out. Six have returned on account of ill health, and five have died. Fifty-seven missionaries are now in the field; 350 Bible women, 9 hospitals, 20 boarding schools, with more than 5,000 girls and women under instruction; more than 1,200 zenanas have received instruction; \$143,000 contributed last year, this year hope to reach \$200,000. The medical work has been signally owned of God. Thirty years ago Sarah J. Hale appealed to American Christian women to aid in educating women as medical missionaries, and she lived to see this work the most powerful agency in securing access to the homes and hearts of heathen women. Dr. Swain writes that in one year she prescribed for 1,225 patients, thus enabling her to carry the gospel to such numbers; in the last year has treated more than 5,000 patients in the new hospital given her by the Princess of India. Our literature has kept pace with the growth of the Society, and thus the good work goes on.

Academy Notes.

The present membership of Hopkins Academy is sixty. On Tuesday evening the 15th inst., upon invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, a reunion of recent graduates and their friends was held at the Academy. About forty young gentlemen and ladies were present, and the evening was passed in a very pleasant manner, old friends and new mingling in fellowship. The Academy library has been enlarged by the gift of twenty volumes from Professor Moor, and of several more from Miss M. E. Gouldy of Japan. The second quarter of the school year begins Tuesday, October 6th.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

The General Association of California will hold its regular annual meeting with the Congregational Church, Berkeley, on Tuesday, October 6th, 2:00 p. m. The annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. A. J. Wells of Los Angeles. Each Congregational church in California and Nevada is entitled to two delegates, and one additional delegate for each fifty members in excess of one hundred.

J. H. WARREN, Registrar.
San Francisco, September 9, 1885.

Pastors of churches, Congregational ministers without charge, and delegates appointed to the General Association who expect to be present but have not yet reported to the Provisional Committee, will confer a favor if they will do so at once, that suitable provision may be made for their entertainment.

CHARLES A. SAVAGE,
Chairman Provisional Committee.
Berkeley, September 21st.

A meeting will be held at the office of THE PACIFIC on Monday, the 28th inst., at 1 o'clock p. m., for the organization and incorporation of the California Congregational Ministers' Relief Society, in accordance with the direction of the General Association. It is important, that a good number be present.

The annual meeting of the Publishing Company of THE PACIFIC will be held in San Francisco, at No. 7 Montgomery avenue, on Thursday, September 24, 1885, at 3:30 p. m.

JOHN KIMBALL, Secretary.

There will be a special meeting of the Bay Association on Monday, September 28th, at 10:30 a. m.

C. A. SAVAGE, Scribe.

Rev. Walter Frear presented the subject at the last meeting of the Monday Club. His theme was "A Cheerful Grown," which was presented in an appropriate and earnest manner. Rev. W. H. Cooke, who was to present the subject at the last meeting, will do so at the next meeting, on "Church Members and the Sunday-school." Among the visitors present was Rev. C. Rowland Hill of England, but more recently of Dakota. He is related to the celebrated Rev. Rowland Hill who for so many years filled the pulpit of Surrey Church, London, England. Rev. W. N. Meserve, formerly of this State and now returned to it, was also present.

Rev. R. L. Tabor preached at the First church in this city last Sabbath; in the morning on "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost and of Fire."

"The Waste of Intemperance" was Pastor Noble's theme for temperance, Sunday, at Plymouth church.

Dr. Beckwith, at the Third church, observed the centennial temperance Sabbath at both morning and evening services.

"The Transfiguration of Jesus and its Lessons Concerning Immortality" was the topic on which Rev. Herbert Macy preached at the Fourth church last Sabbath morning. In the evening there were missionary exercises, the subject being Japan.

The annual meeting of Bethany church in this city was held last Friday evening. The reports showed 22 added to the church during the year, 14 by profession and 8 by letter. Six have been removed, four by death and two by dismissal. The attendance upon public worship on the Sabbath, and upon the weekly prayer-meeting, has largely increased. The receipts of the year for current expenses were \$2,523.65; the disbursements, \$2,434.50. The charities of the church do not all pass through the hands of the church treasurer, and could not be exactly stated, but they are known to be about \$800. Among the officers chosen for the ensuing year were the following: Deacons, John A. Snook, Edmund Palache, A. T. Rutherford and Eugene A. Cutting; Clerk, Egbert D. Haven; Treasurer, W. D. F. Wiggins; Superintendent of the Sunday-school, Wm. Johnstone; Associate Superintendent, E. Irving Smith. Last Sabbath, the centennial of the temperance reform was observed in this church with a sermon in the morning by the pastor, on "What Doth Hinder?" and in the evening a meeting of the Bethany Band of Hope, at which the spacious audience-room was filled; and, after delightful exercises by the children, an admirable address was delivered by Hon. Niles Searls, one of the Commissioners of our State Supreme Court.

The hundredth anniversary of the temperance reform, commended by the Temperance Committee of the General Association and the W. C. T. U., was observed at the Olivet church. Pastor Spalding Witter preached in the morning, to a full house, on "A Diagnosis of the Disease of Drunkenness," and in the evening, to a large congregation, on "Its Cure." At the annual convention of the district lodge of Good Templars, assembled in Antioch Saturday, he delivered an original poem on "Intemperance the Ruin of Nations."

"The Universal Corrupting Power of Strong Drink" was Pastor Rowell's theme at the Mariners' church, in observance of temperance Sunday. The day's services were interesting, and congregations large.

"A Hundred Years of Temperance Effort" was the subject on which Rev. Dr. McLean preached at the First church, Oakland.

"The Temperance Reform" was the subject of discourse by Rev. Walter Frear at West Oakland. At night there was a largely attended and encouraging young people's meeting.

At Golden Gate church, Oakland, Rev. W. H. Cooke gave an account of the Bay Conference held last week at Cloverdale. At night he preached a centennial temperance sermon.

Rev. W. N. Meserve spent a pleasant day with the Park church, Berkeley. Rev. Dr. Warren was also present.

Rev. Dr. Holbrook preached at San Lorenzo on "The Duty and Privilege of Church Membership." In the evening there was service by the Band of Hope, commemorative of the centennial of the beginning of the temperance reform in the United States.

"Humility an Essential Element in Character" was Dr. Moore's theme at Plymouth-avenue church.

"Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation" was the text on which Rev. C. A. Savage preached a centennial temperance sermon Sabbath morning in Berkeley. At night an interesting address was given by Mr. E. F. Dinsmore.

"Revivals" was the subject at Crockett Sabbath morning. The temperance sermon at night was on "Our Work and How to Do It."

Rev. W. B. Winn has accepted a unanimous call to supply the church at Auburn for another year. This is his third year at that place.

Nine persons, six of whom were on profession, were received into the Second church in Eureka at the last communion. This is an interesting attestation to Pastor Bowman's faithful work in that field.

The Sunday-school enterprise which Rev. J. A. Phillips has been carrying on at Stony Point, Sonoma county, has been increasing greatly, and now he preaches at that place.

Rio Vista.—Last Sunday I took up the subject of temperance, as by vote of the Association. The day was very warm, but the congregation one of the largest we have ever had. No previous notice had been given of the subject. In the evening I preached a home mission sermon. Notice had been given the week before. The night was hot, but a large audience was out for the evening. So large a proportion of our church live out on farms that we do not expect so many in the evening as in the day. This society is in a hopeful condition. There was a slight lull of interest during harvest and the camping excursions, but now there seems to be a quickening. Rev. Mr. Crawford, I hear, is holding a series of meetings at Shiloh with encouragement. Rev. Mr. Barkway is encouraged in his work (M. E. Church) at Bird's Landing. Our prayer is that a refreshing may come upon all the Montezuma hills. The really Christian elements in this region are more stable, and wield a more potent influence, than in most other parts of the State. W. A. T.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. M. Willet of Santa Cruz filled the Howard-street pulpit in this city on a recent Sabbath.

Rev. Isaac White is now supplying Grayson.—Rev. A. J. Kerr preached in the Central church recently for its pastor, Rev. W. J. Smith.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.—The Synod meets in Merced on October 14th. Rev. N. W. Motheral of Hanford will preach the opening sermon.

METHODIST.—Rev. John Thompson is gaining in health and strength slowly.—Rev. Dr. H. Cox has been readmitted to the California Conference and transferred to the Southern California Conference. His station will be at San Luis Obispo.

BAPTIST.—Rev. A. J. Sturtevant baptized two young ladies in Vallejo recently.—The Alameda church and Sunday-school are largely increased under the earnest labors of Mr. Geo. C. Rieman.

The work in the San Pablo-avenue church, Oakland, prospers under Rev. W. T. Fleenor. Thirty-four persons were recently admitted.—The First church, Oakland, held jubilee services on Sabbath evening, September 6th, and rejoiced greatly in deliverance from debt.

"CHRISTIAN."—Rev. James Logan reports good work in Fresno, Tulare, Visalia and Auberry valley.—Hesperian College, Woodland, has reopened with its usual prosperity.—Encouraging reports are given from Napa, Yountville, and many other places, in a late issue of the *Christian Church News*.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. W. C. Mills has accepted the rectorship of St. John's, Stockton.—Rev. A. D. Miller has resigned St. Luke's rectorship in this city.

Rev. W. H. Hill has closed his connection with the Church of the Advent in this city.

Oregon Items.

Rev. Mr. Reid, formerly of Victoria, is temporarily supplying the pulpit of the First Congregational church, Portland, Or.

Rev. G. H. Lee of Plymouth church was taken ill while absent at the Western Washington Association, but is recovered sufficiently to be at home and at work again. He is doing a good work in North Portland, and is much appreciated by his people.

The East Portland church, for some time without a pastor, expects soon a minister from the East.

At the monthly missionary concert at The Dalles, the pastor gave a lecture on the New Orleans Exposition, speaking especially of the progress of the colored people as indicated by their exhibits at the fair, and of the influence of the work of the A. M. A. in the South.

The Upper Columbia Association meets at Walla Walla October 7th and 8th. Rev. F. V. Hoyt of Cheney will preach the sermon, and one of the topics for discussion will be "Does Modern Thought and Discovery Make Necessary Any Change in the Presentation of the Gospel?"

Whitman College starts off with 122 students. Forest Grove also starts with a full roll.

Rev. Mr. Renshaw has returned from the East to his work at Spokane Falls. His wife's health is much improved.

In Memoriam.

MRS. JENNIE INGERSOLL JONES.

We clip the following from the Nashville (Tenn.) *Cumberland Presbyterian* of September 3d. Mrs. Jones was the beloved sister of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper of this city. She was more like a daughter than a sister, having been educated and reared by the latter, and having lived with her until her marriage to Mr. Jones, in 1861. Her youngest child, a bright little boy, eight years of age, was left by the mother to Mrs. Cooper, and will soon arrive in this city, a sacred heritage from the beloved child sister, now forever with the redeemed, in the heavenly mansions.

"Mrs. Jennie Jones (her maiden name was Ingersoll) was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., May 8, 1843. She was married to Mr. R. P. Jones December 31, 1861, and died August 18, 1885. She came with her sister to Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1858, and joined the Presbyterian church there in 1866. In December, 1879, Mr. Jones moved, with his family, to Jasper, Marion county, Tenn., where he was living at his wife's death. As there was no Presbyterian church in Jasper, and as she loved all Christians, and desired to be in active work for Christ, she joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. There was no sectarianism in her Christianity. She possessed an unexampled and unconscious power of attaching all her associates to her as 'with hooks of steel.' I never saw any community so profoundly and entirely filled with grief at the death of any one. Many said that they felt as though they had lost a dear relative. I never performed a funeral service before in which the deepest and tenderest emotions of my nature were so fully involved. As a member of the Church, her life was irreproachable. Her place in the church was never vacant except for excellent reasons. She not only appreciated her pastor, but spoke words of cheer and encouragement to him. She was a model Sunday-school teacher. She knew her lesson well, was skillful in imparting instruction, and was never absent unless unavoidably kept away, which occurred very seldom. The Rev. R. D. Shook, her former pastor, desires me to state his unqualified belief in the profound purity and devotion of her life. I have been her pastor now for twenty-one months, and I do not remember to have ever heard a single unfavorable criticism passed upon Mrs. Jones by any one, saint or sinner. Whether she was among the rich and educated or the poor and ignorant, she was the same modest, self-sacrificing Christian. Though fearless and untiring in the performance of whatever duty came before her, yet she was always humble and self-deprecative. Candor, fidelity, kindness, courage, truthfulness, humility, unselfishness and piety were not only beautifully blended in her character, but were exhibited in all the actions of her every-day life. She leaves three sisters, one of whom, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper of San Francisco, has made a national reputation in Sunday-school and kindergarten work; also a husband and two sons to mourn her irreparable loss. Bereaved friends, you know not what a true friend your 'loved one' esteemed Christ to be. Make him your trust, and he will heal your wounded hearts and bring you to your dear 'departed,' and give you eternal rest in the 'home of the soul.'

"W. G. DILLON."

Fight of the Makers of Paper Money Against Silver.

The measure of value is labor. The silver dollar costs two-thirds of a day's work of an able-bodied man. The paper dollar may cost about one-quarter of one mill. The paper dollar can make the hardest fight, for it costs just a little more than nothing. When the one and two dollar bills are retired silver will circulate among the people East the same as it does here. When the five-dollar bills are retired, our silver dollars will be nearly equal in value with gold. When all bills less than twenty dollars are out of circulation our silver dollar will be fully equal with the standard gold dollar. It may be necessary for Congress to grant pensions to the poor, distressed bankers who, for ages, have received the highest rate of interest on a currency that cost them about one-quarter of one mill to the dollar.

We gladly give place to the following correction of our statement of last week, which was made under a misapprehension:

EDITORS PACIFIC: An item in last week's PACIFIC was clearly written under a misapprehension in regard to a "concert" at the Pavilion on the preceding Sunday. The facts simply were that Mr. Bergstrom, a member of the First Congregational church, built the organ on exhibition at the Pavilion, for the sale of which he is negotiating with one of the churches of the city. In order to hear it in connection with voices, Mr. Mayer, with the choir of the First church, sung several pieces of sacred music—a *Te Deum*, etc. No tickets were sold; 200 or 400 gentlemen and ladies were present by invitation, who, at the close, arose and sang to "Old Hundred" the old version of the 117th Psalm, "From all that dwell below the skies," and went home. Except that there was music, there were none of the features of a Sunday concert.

The Statistics.

The time is passing rapidly when the statistics should go into print. Will pastors and church clerks who have not yet sent in their reports forward the reports at once to my address?

H. E. JEWETT,

Statistical Secretary.

The Adventists have revised their calculations, and now announce that the world will come to an end May 14, 1886.

In Squak valley, King county, W. T., on Monday night, September 7th, a mob of white men and Indians raided a camp of Chinese hop-pickers, and killed three and wounded others. Five white men and two Indians have been arrested for the murder. One of the number has made confession, so there can be no reasonable doubt but that the right parties have been arrested. Now, let us see if justice will be done, and these brutal murderers punished to the full extent of the law, as they should be. The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* says: "The massacre at Squak was in every respect, save only that the number of killed was not so great, more atrocious than that which recently took place in Wyoming. There, the attack was made in broad daylight, and the Chinamen were given an opportunity to resist or to escape, as they chose. Here, the attack was made at dead of night, when the victims were sleeping. A fair man would give a rat a better chance for its life than was given to these murdered Chinamen. The desire seems to have been not so much to rid the hop-fields of Chinese labor as to kill Chinamen. The sentiment of the people, even that of the working classes, cannot and does not approve of such wanton killing.

Violent measures still continue in West Washington against the Chinese, though no additional murders are reported. Last Sunday night a company of Chinese coal miners were driven into the woods, their cabins and contents burned, including the baggage which they had prepared for their journey on the morrow, for they had been discharged and were going away. Mill companies and mining companies, with one exception, are discharging their Chinamen. We are glad there is one exception, and trust that company will be protected by United States soldiers, if need be. Is this a land of law and justice, or are we to be dictated to by mobs and murderers? A meeting of property-holders has been called for to-night by the Mayor of Seattle, and it is expected that measures will be taken which will prevent further violence.

Two young men of this city were in our office last week to say good-bye, as they were off the next day to the country. They go to a good part of our Coast to take up land, but as the land is not yet surveyed they will have only a squatter's title until the surveyor comes along and it can be properly entered. It seems to us highly important that all good and desirable government land should be surveyed. Cities are overcrowded, and it is well for our young men to go outside, but they should not be obliged to go on good land as squatters, with possibly much serious trouble in the future. Our Government should give every facility in title and bounds to actual settlers. It is a good move to go to the country, but, as in this case, for two to go off alone to cabin and live away from all privileges in the forest for years is not pleasant. We would not like it for ourselves or our friends. But to make part of a good company and organize a colony, to take along the school and church and Sabbath-school and begin at once to live a rough, out-door frontier life, but, at the same time, a companionable, civilized, intelligent, Christian life, that is by far the better way. We wish our young friends could have joined in forming such a colony, in which we would have no whisky saloon.

Miss Effie Gunnison of San Francisco, a member of Bethany church, left for her mission work in Japan on Saturday last. A large number of friends gathered on the steamer *City of Peking* to see this youngest and newest of our missionaries sail. She goes out, as all hereabouts know, under the auspices of the W. B. M. P., and our Young Ladies' Societies will undertake her support. The prayers of many follow this beloved sister.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers saying that from the seven Congregational churches of Hartford, Conn., there has not been one theological student in the last fourteen years. This is the city where a largely endowed Congregational theological seminary is said to be run in the interest of the Presbyterian Church.

We are sorry to see Oregon credited by the *Occident* with two delegates to the "Twelfth Annual Conference of Churches and Corrections" at Washington, D. C., and no credit given to California, which was ably represented by Judge Bradford and Chaplain Blake, U. S. A., of the Pioneers of this State.

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Read what the Rev. Geo. McCormick, of Sallinas, Cal., has just written on this. He writes: "Money would not buy my Remington Type-Writer; if I could not replace it. It is an immense relief to both my eyes and nerves, and I can compose on it better than when using the pen."

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MRS. D. H. HOLMES, late of New York, begs leave to inform her many patrons, friends and the public that she has removed from the Supreme Court building, No. 121 Post street, to No. 14 Post street, between Kearny and Montgomery streets, next door to Messrs. R. A. Swain & Co.'s china store, where she will be pleased to meet not only her customers and friends, but the ladies of San Francisco and vicinity who desire stylish millinery at reasonable prices. Fall styles and choice novelties daily received in fine millinery. A call solicited.

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MISS RYDER has opened a Studio at 1614 Commercial Street, near Sutter. Please write for circular.

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To Commodious Quarters, No. 115 and 117 Clay street, where they will be glad to receive orders from old patrons, or new. Send for price-list.

Home Circle.

IT IS RIGHT.

What'er disturbs me through the day,
Or brings a weary night,
I feel to look to heaven and say,
My Father, it is right.

No chafing frets, no envy pains,
No here faith doth not behold
One who with tender love sustains,
And draws me to his fold.

Should anger rage, or guilt distress,
Or sorrow smite the heart,
I feel there is a Friend to bless
And needful strength impart.

I own His kindness, and I know
His mercy will appear
To ease my step, to stay the blow,
When judgments are severe.

Go; I will trust Him day by day—
To do His will delight—
And in each pain and trial say,
My Father, it is right.

—Religious Herald.

Olive's Mission.

It was just at the close of a warm summer afternoon, and Dr. John Esterbrook sat writing in his little office. He pushed the paper back, and was just about to rise, when, suddenly, his office door burst open, and two persons appeared; one, a rough little street urchin, shouted:

"Big smash-up down the road! All the doctors in town wanted," and was gone like a flash.

The other, a beautiful girl, with her long hair flying, and minus a hat, asked, in a trembling voice:

"Is this Dr. Esterbrook?" and only waiting for a nod in reply, added, "There has been a terrible accident, and Philip is hurt. Please come immediately." And she, too, was gone.

The doctor hurriedly gathered together such things as might be necessary, and followed rapidly after, only stopping to send a messenger after a carriage to follow him.

When he arrived at the wreck, the usual scene of terror and confusion met his eyes; every one was trying to do something, and often doing more harm than good. A commander was needed, and Dr. Esterbrook was just the man.

A few concise orders set the workers in the right direction, and then he began to look for his step-brother, Philip Lester. He soon found him, senseless, and badly injured, but watched over by the beautiful girl who had summoned him.

After doing what was most necessary, the doctor turned to the young lady, and said:

"I have done all I can for my brother now, and there are other sufferers needing my help. Will you stay by him until the carriage comes?"

She slightly bowed her head, and he turned away. After doing what he could to relieve the other injured ones until other physicians arrived, and then, seeing that there was plenty of help, he returned to his brother.

The wounded young man, still unconscious, was carefully placed in the carriage, and the doctor was about to spring in, when he felt a light touch on his arm; he turned, and saw the strange young lady whom he had almost forgotten. Her pale, frightened face looked beseechingly up into his, as she said, in a trembling voice:

"I am Philip's wife. May I go with him?"

The doctor stared at her in blank amazement for a minute, and then, remembering that they were in a crowd, gave her his hand, and helped her in, without a word.

The fifteen-minutes' drive to the fine old family mansion was a silent one; the doctor was busy with his own thoughts, and the stranger sat with her face shaded by her hands, while the trembling of her hands showed that she was weeping.

When the carriage stopped, after ordering his brother taken up to his own room, the doctor led the stranger into the drawing-room, and said gently:

"Now, try and rest yourself, while I do what I can for Philip, and then I will come back and talk to you."

Two hours later, after doing all that could be done for his brother, and still leaving him unconscious, the doctor again entered the drawing-room. The lonely occupant was pacing anxiously up and down, and the moment he entered, turned to him and asked eagerly:

"How is Philip? Is he conscious yet? Does he want me?"

"No, my dear," was the gentle reply. "He doesn't need you yet; he is still unconscious; but we must hope for the best. And now, would you mind telling me a little about yourself? I had no idea that Philip had a thought of marrying."

"Yes, I have been wanting to tell you, and, if Philip doesn't need me (with a little sob) it may as well be now."

Then, seated there in the twilight, she told him her little story.

Her name had been Olive Drew. Her mother had died when she was a little girl, and since, she had lived alone with her father, who was the pastor of a humble little church, just out of the town where Philip Lester was attending college. He had met her, and, falling in love with her, had become engaged, although her father had advised a rather lengthy courtship, as they were both so young. But a month ago the father had suddenly been taken ill and died, leaving his daughter poor, and alone in the world. Then Philip had pleaded for an immediate marriage, urging that she was alone and needed a protector; that his parents, too, were dead, and that he and his step-brother were alone in the old family mansion, and needed a woman to look after them; and that surely her father would have consented if he could have known the circumstances. That morning they had been married, and were on their way to his home. She was so happy and contented that she had almost forgotten her sorrow, when the accident happened.

This pitiful little story she told in her own way, and, before she had finished, Dr. Esterbrook felt his warm heart full of sympathy for the poor little girl, who could not be more than seventeen years old. And, when she added with a quiver in her voice, "But I supposed of course you knew all about me, or I should not have married him yet," he said, with a hearty friendliness in his voice, which wonderfully comforted her: "Don't you worry about that; you are Philip's wife, and now I shall have some one to help me nurse him. But now, the first thing, you must go to bed, and rest. You look like a ghost. I'll call you the minute he wants you."

And then, as he saw that she was about to object, he said, with an emphatic little shake of his head:

"Not a word. I am doctor here, and we don't want two sick ones; but I'll give you a room right next to him."

So, after almost compelling her to drink a cup of tea and eat a little supper, he led her to a dainty little room next to the sick room, and opening into it by a door.

When alone, she threw herself down on the sofa, and gave way to the tears she had kept back so long. Poor little Olive! it was hard! The happy wedding trip had ended so sadly. And the poor little bride, who had hardly had time to realize her father's loss through her lover's kindness, now almost felt the black Gulf of despair yawning before her. But there was one hope left. Olive had always trusted in God, and when her father had left her, he had said:

"It will only be for a little while, darling, and then we shall meet in a brighter, happier world."

And she had believed him, and her trust had helped her to bear the separation. But her husband was not a Christian; and, falling on her knees, she prayed for him as she had never prayed before; and gradually a sweet feeling of peace stole over her, and she fell asleep there on her knees.

In the meantime, while Olive sleeps, we will take a peep at the two occupants of the sick-room. Very different they are, you will say, immediately. Dr. John Esterbrook is a strong, noble, generous man of about thirty. He had inherited a fine property from his father; and when, six years before, his step-mother had died, leaving her boy—a lad of thirteen—without a cent of his own, she had rested content with John's promise that he would care for Philip. And nobly had he kept the promise, for Philip had been to him as an own brother, and had every comfort that money could buy, and had been sent to college as soon as he was ready.

Philip was a handsome, gay, careless young fellow—just the kind to captivate a loving young girl. But John was hurt and disappointed to think that his brother should so deceive him, and take advantage of his generosity, by marrying without his knowledge, and bringing home a wife without a word of warning, and while he was yet but a student, whose time should have been with his books.

An hour later, and Philip Lester slowly opened his eyes and looked around the room. John was instantly at his side, and said, cheerfully, "Well, how do you feel, my boy?"

For a moment Philip did not answer. He was evidently trying to recall something. Then he said, in a weak, questioning voice, "There has been an accident?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

Then, suddenly, it all came over him, and he tried to rise, only to sink back with a groan, as he eagerly asked, "Where is Olive? Is she safe?"

"Yes," John replied, "she is safe and well; I will call her." Then he gently stepped to the connecting door, which stood ajar, and rapped; but, hearing no answer, pushed it open and looked in.

There he saw the sleeping girl on her knees, and, skeptic though he was, there was a look of reverence on his face as he closed the door again, and then knocked louder.

In a moment Olive was at her husband's side, and there was a quiet look of thankfulness in her face as she saw that he was conscious.

Philip drew her hand to his lips, and then, turning to his brother, with a slight frown on his pale face, asked, "Has Olive told you, John?"

"Yes," was the grave reply; "Olive told me, but I think you should have done that part, Phil."

"I suppose I ought," Phil replied; "but I knew you would like her when you saw her."

And then John said, cheerily: "Oh, well, never mind now; but you mustn't go to talking too much; you want to just hurry up and get well."

So the subject was dropped there; John went steadily on about his business, and Olive developed into a first-class little nurse. Philip was naturally full of health and life, and was often irritable; so that John, who thought one ought to be good-natured who had nothing to do but to be waited on, and that by the most loving of nurses, often felt rather tried at him, although he tried to keep it to himself.

But Olive was always the same gentle, patient little nurse, trying new schemes to while away the time, petting, loving him, and doing numberless little things to please him, and never, by any chance, speaking a harsh or unkind word; so that John wondered, and, one day, when he met her down stairs alone, he said, "How do you manage to be so patient? I think Phil is rather unreasonable, sometimes."

"I love him," was the gentle reply, "and besides, there is One who can always help me."

"Who do you mean?" John asked.

"Our Heavenly Father," was the low

reply; and then she hurried off, too shy to say more.

But the words kept returning to John—"Our Heavenly Father." "I wonder if she thought He was mine," he said to himself.

But, as the weeks went by, Phil slowly but surely failed; and Olive prayed more earnestly, and tried to lead his thoughts to higher things. One day, after he had lain silent for some time, he said, slowly, "Tell me more about your Jesus, Olive."

Oh, how thankfully she told him, and led him on until she saw the discontented look fade from his face, and, instead, a quiet look of peace growing there. John saw the change, too, and wondered, but was in the dark until one day when Olive was out for a walk, when Phil said, "John, I want to have a little talk with you."

John wheeled his chair around to the bedside as he said, cheerily, "All right, my boy; what is it?"

"It's about Olive and me," was the wistful reply; and there was something very much like a tear in Phil's eye, as he continued: "It wasn't the square thing, my marrying her as I did, John; but I loved her, and she was alone, and I was afraid if I told you that you would try to stop it. But you have seen what she has been to me through this siege; and if I get to heaven, as I now hope I shall, it will be through Olive's help. She has taught me to trust in her Saviour, and I wish, John, that you would learn the same. But now I must leave her, and it's a hard thing to do, when I think that I haven't a cent with which to provide for her. She supposes this property belongs as much to me as to you, and hasn't an idea that it was your father's, and nothing of mine. I didn't intend to deceive her; in fact, I didn't think anything about it; and now it's too late to help it, and so I wanted to ask you if you would care for her until she is a little older, and perhaps finds a better husband than me."

His voice had sunk to a whisper, from the exertion of talking so long, and John hastened to say, "Don't worry about Olive, Phil; I'll do my best by her, and there is enough here for her and me, too."

Phil could only press his brother's hand and look the gratitude he was too weak to express.

A week later Philip Lester had passed from "death unto life," and Olive was alone once more; but not without a protector this time, for John was as kind and tender to her as if she had been an own sister. And when he saw how lonely and low-spirited she was, he led her to speak of herself and her plans, saying gently:

"You know Philip wanted me to be a brother to you."

"Thank you; that is just what I need," was the grateful reply. "I really haven't any plans, and it seems as if I couldn't bear to stay here and do nothing."

"Wouldn't it be a good plan to go away somewhere and finish your education, seeing you are so young? That would help you in your grief by giving you something to do," John said.

"I don't know but that is a good idea," Olive replied. "My education is not what it should be, and I think that would please Phil."

So it was arranged that Olive should go to a private ladies' seminary for a couple of years. Here she found companions of her own age, and entered heartily into their studies and school life. Her brief experience had been a hard one, and she could never be the same merry, light-hearted girl that she had been. But her love had been so short and sad, and she was so young, that it was more like a dark and gloomy dream than an actual fact; and in her new surroundings, with everything to make life pleasant, she grew happy and contented, and began to look forward eagerly to the life she expected to enjoy in her beautiful home after her graduation. Thus the two years passed quickly and happily, and at the close she graduated with high honors, and had won the love and esteem of both students and teachers. She was planning to go back to the home which she supposed was hers through Philip, and hoped to be the means of doing good in the little village. But one evening she happened to be at a party given to the graduating class, and, being rather weary, she had sought retirement in a secluded little alcove, when her attention was arrested by hearing her name spoken. One lady was saying:

"Yes, she is beautiful, and, I suppose, is capable of taking a good position now. They say she is very talented. But wasn't it kind of Dr. Esterbrook to do so much for a poor, uneducated girl who had no claim on him except that she had been his wild young step-brother's wife for about two months?"

"Yes, very," was the reply. "I suppose young Lester had no property, had he?"

"Not a cent; and the Doctor had been educating him, when he secretly married this girl, and brought her home for the Doctor to support."

Then they passed on, and Olive sat as one stunned for a few minutes. Then she had no rights to the property, and it was all through Dr. Esterbrook's kindness that she had received her education, and had so pleasant a home during the vacations.

"I will not ask him to support me any longer," she said to herself. "Thanks to him, I am now capable of taking care of myself."

That night, in her own room, she wrote to him, telling him of her discovery, and thanking him for his kindness in the past, and saying that now she should seek a position as teacher, and not burden him any longer. When the letter was mailed, she went about her duties with a relieved feeling; and, seeking the principal of the school, made application for a vacant place, which was promised her if she could do no better. Two days later, when she returned from an examination,

she was summoned to the parlor, and was surprised to meet Dr. Esterbrook. A quick flush rose to her face as he came forward to meet her. After shaking hands he drew her letter from his pocket and said:

"This has brought me here, Olive. I am sorry that you heard through gossiping lips this story. Even if it is true, you know that Phil was to me like an own brother, and you do not know that I promised him before he died that I would care for you; and it has only been a pleasure, and not a hardship. And now this unfortunate discovery of yours will only hasten a few words that I meant to say soon, when you were home again. Through these last two years you have taught me a good many things. One has been to trust in a Saviour whom I doubted before, and another has been to love the woman who led me to this trust. And now I have come to ask you if you will go back to be mistress of our home. I love you, Olive; not pity, but the earnest, true love that comes to a man but once. Do you think you could love me, or is it asking too much?"

But a look at her face gave him hope, and he pleaded his case so well that, at the end of two weeks, there was a quiet little wedding, and Olive went a second time a bride to Dr. Esterbrook's home. But this time there was no secrecy and no accident, and the years that followed showed that her choice had been a wise one.—*Christian Advocate.*

Children's Parties Dangerous Affairs.

A noted physician of London, in his lecture on children and their diseases, calls their attention to the fact that children's parties are dangerous affairs.

Have mothers ever thought for a moment of the wear and tear of the little mind from the time of the invitation to the moment the affair is in action? Do they know the danger of improper food and drink, night air, thin clothing and shoes?

Do they realize that the little brain is in a whirl of excitement for days before and after the party—that the event is talked of in the nursery—that sleep is lost in uneasy, abortive dreams? What is still worse, the excitement continues a matter of after consideration in children of tender years; in fact, is continuous until many days have elapsed, perhaps does not disappear until another invitation is received.

The pleasures, pastimes and amusements of children should be simple, unaffected, free from excitement and false surroundings. Parties will not enhance the pleasure or health of child-life. Mother, bear it well in mind.—*Tid Bits.*

Consistency Commended.—The following incident, culled from the *Christian Leader*, is worthy of being repeated: "Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, the biographer of Mr. McChesney, had engaged to preach at Govan, opposite to Glasgow, on a certain Sabbath, and an advertisement to that effect duly appeared. The shortest route from Dr. Bonar's residence was by ferry, a distance of two miles. By a longer route of four miles he could walk or drive. In that busy neighborhood vast numbers of workmen, employed in trades connected with shipbuilding, assembled every day. The question arose among them would Dr. Bonar cross in the ferry or drive round, or would he walk? Those of the workmen who are skeptically inclined were ready to bet that he would cross in the ferry, others that he would not. To settle the matter they appointed two of their number to watch. Accordingly, all unknown to Dr. Bonar, when he emerged from his house, four sharp eyes, for twenty thousand workmen, were watching to see which road he would take. The question was speedily settled when they saw the good man at once proceed with unhesitating step, on foot, by the long route of four miles. When the report of the workmen's deputies was received, the men rent the welkin with cheers for Dr. Bonar. Even skeptics could not withhold this expression of honor for such an example of Christian consistency."

A Pretty Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures

Hereditary Baldness.

GEORGE MAYER, Flatonia, Texas, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is not a dye, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is turning gray.

Mrs. CATHERINE DEANER, Point of View, Md., had her hair suddenly blanched by fright, during the late civil war. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.

Scalp Diseases

Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It cures itching, itching, itching of the scalp; J. N. CARTER, JR., Oceanport, N. J., of Scald Head; Mrs. D. V. S. LOVEACE, Oceanport, N. J., of Tetter Sores; Miss Bessie H. BEDLOE, Burlington, Vt., of Scald Disease and Dandruff. Torment of the roots of the hair, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As

A Toilet Luxury

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has no equal. It is colorless, cleanly, delightfully perfumed, and has the effect of making the hair soft, pliant, and glossy.

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A Pretty Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures

Hereditary Baldness.

GEORGE MAYER, Flatonia, Texas, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

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is not a dye, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is turning gray.

Scalp Diseases

Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It cures itching, itching, itching of the scalp; J. N. CARTER, JR., Oceanport, N. J., of Scald Head; Mrs. D. V. S. LOVEACE, Oceanport, N. J., of Tetter Sores; Miss Bessie H. BEDLOE, Burlington, Vt., of Scald Disease and Dandruff. Torment of the roots of the hair, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As

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Miscellany.

THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

Oh, where is that heavenly glory,
That beautiful home of the blest,
Where hearts that are sad with life's story
Find peace and the sweetness of rest?

Do stars that smile on us at even
Hold loved ones who wait for us there?
Will that be the precious home given
When we in their blessedness share?

We look on the sky's perfect azure,
And long with great longing to know
Just where it will be our Lord's pleasure
Our freed, happy spirits shall go.

Sometimes there comes o'er us a shrinking
At thought of the changing of place;
Of breaking the bonds that are linking
Our souls to this narrow earth space.

If only we knew where the spirit
Would dwell when the body doth sleep!
What place in the vastness inherit!
Where God his beloved will keep!

The babe that is peacefully sleeping
The sleep that no waking can know,
In heaven, has gained and is keeping
The knowledge we pant for below.

Oh, poor, troubled heart that is fretting
To know what has not been revealed,
Have faith that our Lord, not forgetting,
Keeps part of the future concealed.

But, surely, enough has been told thee
To give to the soul perfect peace,
For Christ's arms of love will enfold thee,
And sorrow forever shall cease.

No tears will there darken thy vision;
The parting of friends will be o'er;
While all in that region elysian
Shall dwell with the God they adore.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work, for 'at that,
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad;
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.
Keep your eye on the goal, lad;
Never despair or drop;
Be sure that your path leads upward;
There's always room at the top.

From the Natural Gas Wells in Ohio.

Drilling for gas was begun at the town of Madison, O., by Messrs. Gunning and Sand on the 29th of June, and by the 14th of July the well had reached a depth of 780 feet. At this point a heavy vein of gas was struck. The well was continued down to 1,025 feet, about 200 feet of the distance requiring tubing on account of the influx of salt water. The pressure gauge at the mouth of the well registered 100 pounds. The parties named are now supplied with fuel and light.

The great value of natural gas has already been demonstrated at Pittsburgh and neighboring places. So rapidly and completely has the substitution of gas for coal taken place that the principal mills of Pittsburgh are now using the new fuel. Oil in the days of the great excitement did not attract such broad attention as has the natural gas in the last year or so, and the wonder now is why we have never used it before. The area of its distribution is probably as large and almost coincident with that of petroleum. We know with a degree of certainty, prompted by its commercial importance, that our supply of petroleum comes from the rocks of the Devonian, which immediately underlie the productive coal measures, and it will be a matter of much interest to follow the development of gas, and note the order of production which the different States and Territories will assume. Of the petroleum producing States, Pennsylvania, of course, ranks first, then comes New York, and then California. These are followed by West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky. In the Rocky mountain country, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico have been found to yield some small quantities of the oil, but those regions have as yet been only imperfectly explored. Of the wells opened over this large Territory, many were blowing wells, and carried with them a large amount of gas, but there was no constancy in this respect, and no particular area could be pointed out as productive of gas above the rest. The whole subject is too new for any complete knowledge of the distribution of the natural gas, but so far as the point has been determined, our assumption of its general coincidence with the oil country seems to be justified. Whether, however, the same quantitative order that we have named for petroleum will follow in the case of the new fuel is still a question. As every one knows it is already largely used in Pennsylvania, and to some extent in Ohio, West Virginia and other places.

Unless we regard the earth as a vast reservoir stored with gas, somewhat after the order of the Pintsch system of compression, we must contemplate a time when this fuel supply will become exhausted, and abandoned pipe lines will tell the same story as the decaying oil derricks. But the past of our industrial progress is a promise for the future; and we may feel with confidence that as the candle gave way to whale oil, whale oil to petroleum, petroleum to gas, and gas to electricity, so, with our fuel, that natural gas will disappear, only to make room for something still better.

Why Popular.

Once, while General Grant was President, he was at New Haven, the guest of Marshall Jewell. While sitting and engaged in conversation, he received a roughly pencilled note in a common envelope, and a woman's name was signed to it. His presence, and the reception tendered him by Governor Jewell, had attracted all the prominent men of the State. It was while he was in the midst

of the evening's pleasures that the unpunctuated note was put into his hands by a young politician, who affected to think it a good joke that anybody should presume to intrude upon the President under such circumstances, especially "an old woman in tatters," as he put it. It was with no thought that General Grant would give any heed to the missive that he had brought it in, but rather he had done the errand with a view to making himself conspicuous and to add to the evening's jollity.

"You need not bother about her," he said to the President. "I sent her away—told her that you were not here to be bored."

General Grant's response shocked the young man. "Where is this woman? Where can I find her?" he asked, and he walked abruptly from the room. The letter he had received, scrawled in lead pencil and marked with defects of orthography, had briefly told a painful tale. "My son fought in your army," it said in substance, "and he was killed by rebel bullets while fighting for you. Before he died he wrote me a letter which told about how noble a man you were, and he said you would look out for his mother. I am very poor, and I haven't had enough money or influence to get anybody interested in me to get a pension. Dear General, will you please help me for the dead boy's sake?"

Rebuffs had driven the woman away from Postmaster-General Jewell's door. A servant pointed her out to General Grant as she was going slowly up the street. The old soldier strode after her. She was crying when he overtook her, and a dazed look of surprise overspread her features as she turned at the touch of General Grant, standing bareheaded in the moonlight beside her. He said not much, but the tears she shed after that were those of joy. The pension hitherto denied her came quickly, and her latter days were not ground out in poverty.

What Mrs. Newman Saw in a Harem.

"The gates of the 'Abode of Bliss,'" said Mrs. Newman, "closed instantly after I entered the building. A long corridor opened into the main apartment of the harem. It was furnished with gorgeous tapestry hangings and sumptuous satin furniture of curious design. The curtained windows looked down upon blooming gardens. Ranged about the chamber in various attitudes were a score of women. Some were seated on divans and some were kneeling. Thirteen of them were the wives of the Pasha. A cloud of negro servants attended to their wants. I could speak but a few words of Arabic, but we were at home on the subject of dress, which has a universal language of its own among women. All the women had large, long-lashed and lustrous eyes, and dark, finely-chiseled features. Their costumes were magnificent, and strangely fashioned of rich satins, and loaded with ornaments of gold and jewels and garlands of pearl. Their head-dresses were of silken gauze, held by bands of gold, and surmounted by graceful ostrich feathers. They wore silk trousers and silver slippers, and their finger-nails were tinged with yellow. To an elderly lady, very queerly in her movements, implicit obedience was yielded by the others. The air of the apartment was heavy with the perfume of sandal wood. A crowd of colored servants brought in cigarettes and sweetmeats and coffee, and of the delicacies I was pressed to partake.

The eating of these dainties and gossiping with each other is the sole occupation of these women of the harem. They live in luxurious bondage, in blissful ignorance of the outside world. I longed to reveal its beauties and possibilities to them, but could converse only by gestures. Before I left a baby Pasha was shown to me. Its mother looked like a veritable 'Sleeping Beauty.' The interest shown in the baby and the mother by the other women of the harem was to me a beautiful evidence of the universal sisterhood of women."—From a Letter on the Eastern World.

The Copenhagen Way.

Copenhagen has a different way of dealing with a great scandal from that employed by the Londoners. Not long ago three conservative journals in the Denmark metropolis published exposures very much like those recently published by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in London. The Copenhagen scandal involved many of the most prominent men in Denmark, including a professor in the university, the President of a leading scientific society, one of the most eminent authors of the State, as well as a large number of wealthy merchants and even some members of the magistracy. The practices exposed were similar to those exposed in London. But the people of Copenhagen did not stop to discuss the probable moral effect of the publication. The question with them was: Is the story true? The authorities at once instituted an investigation, and as fast as they obtained evidence against the culprits they arrested them. They seemed to think the crime lay more in the committing of the sin than in the exposure of it, and hence they pursued the sinners and not the journals that told the story of their sin. The result thus far has been the arrest of ten of the men and the suicide of two others who indulged in these sickening practices. Perhaps London might learn a valuable lesson from the action of the Copenhagen people. Perhaps the best way to purify London society and to make such obnoxious exposures impossible in the future is to break up the practice by arresting the practitioners, instead of speculating on the moral effect of exposures already made and impossible of withdrawal.—*Daily News*.

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Sow Whisky; Reap Drunkards.

Sam Jones, the greatest Southern revivalist, is sound on the liquor question. He hits straight from the shoulder. There are many preachers we know of who could learn something from him. This is the way he put it at Nashville:

"Sow whisky, reap drunkards. The promise is sound and the logic is as clear as the mind of God. Sow whisky and reap drunkards. How many men in this city have crossed the line beyond which they can never return, and will die drunkards! Your crop will be the seed for another crop. A drunken father, the saddest sight in the world! Everybody born to you is a half drunkard from the moment he is born. Your immoderate dram-drinking will bring you on a crop of drunkards that will be a curse to this town by and by. Oh, father, eternal issues are in every cup you turn up to your lips. Sow whisky, reap drunkards! I'm not mad with men, I'm mad with whisky that damns everything it touches and is cursing my race. There is enough whisky in Nashville to debauch the whole country for years to come. Oh, how I do hate grocery stores that have bar-rooms in the rear—these Methodist and Presbyterian groceries you go in to buy a pound of soda, and can take a drink without anybody suspecting you. I am not surprised that you have so much whisky sold in Nashville, but I am surprised that you haven't got ten times as many drunkards as you have. Some men are feeling all right because their boys and girls are not concerned in regard to the whisky question; but first thing you know the devil will pack off a drunken son-in-law on you. He couldn't do worse than that if he had a thousand years to work up a bad thing. The devil has played a joke on the whole concern. A drunken son-in-law! My God, I'd rather have my girls buried to-night out of my sight forever than to have them lie in the embraces of an imbruted, drunken son-in-law."

"There are men in this town who have whisky on hand and say they would get rid of it if they only knew how. I tell you, I would rather empty \$50,000 worth of whisky in the Cumberland river than to be in hell with the barrels sitting around me."

"Another fellow says: 'I am going to quit drinking.' God bless you, you ought never to have drank at all. And you ought to have 1,000 lashes for the way you have treated your wife about it."

American Bible Society.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, on Thursday, September 4, 1885. Among the communications from agents and correspondents in foreign lands presented for the information or action of the Board, were letters from the European Turkey Mission of the American Board, written by Dr. Elias Riggs; from the North China Mission, commending Dr. Blodgett's work in rendering the Mandarin Scriptures into easy Wenli; from Dr. Gulick, forwarding a unique copy of the New Testament in the Ningpo Colloquial; from Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso; from Mr. Milne, still detained in Argentina; from Mr. A. B. King, of Liberia; from Rev. J. M. Kyle, of Rio de Janeiro, respecting the proposed new version in Portuguese; from the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Bremen, and Rev. W. H. Gulick, of San Sebastian; and from Rev. W. L. Whipple, of Persia, with an account of the celebration at Oromiah of the formation of the Mission to the Nestorians.

Grants of books were made for benevolent distribution in the United States and in foreign countries, the aggregate value of which was about \$5,900, more than one-half being for colportage. It was reported that during August 7,470 volumes had been consigned to colporteurs laboring in sixteen different States. Four auxiliary societies were recognized in Dakota, and one in each of the States of Michigan, Minnesota and Nebraska. The total receipts for August were \$38,969.66. The total issues of the Scriptures from the Bible House were 50,842 volumes.

PENNSYLVANIA GETTING RID OF ITS "CHEAP LABOR."—The departure of the Huns from the Hazleton region, 400 of whom, as already announced, left there on Saturday for the Northwest Canadian country, and 2,600 of whom are expected to go before the exodus ceases, is a source of joy to the old citizen miners and miners' laborers left behind. The flood of the people named to the coal region during the last five or six years has been a curse to the region and not much of a benefit to the Huns. A coal superintendent was asked the other day how he paid the Huns who worked for him at outside work. "According to their merits," was the reply. "If they are good men we give them 88 cents a day, and from that on down to 50 cents." Is it to be wondered at that competition with labor of this kind galled our workmen, or that the prospect that the competition is to cease rejoices them?—*Wilkesbarre, Penn., Leader*.

An exchange says it is not generally known that a man who refuses to pay for his newspaper can be prosecuted like an ordinary criminal or thief. Publishers of papers in various sections of the country are entering suits against this class of defrauding subscribers under the United States Postal Law, which says, "The taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same renders the person liable to criminal prosecution as a thief, and a person guilty of the same can be punished as if he had stolen the goods to the amount of subscription." Postmasters are also liable for subscriptions for allowing papers to accumulate in their offices when subscribers have removed away or refuse to take them from the office.

Wit and Humor.

Good book-keepers are account-able men. How to acquire shorthand—Fool around a buzz saw.

A polite way of putting it—Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion. "Can a politician be honest?"—*Ex.* Can a potato wink?—*Danbury News*.

Tailor measuring fat customer—"Would you hold the end sir, while I go around!"

The last Irish bull is: "If I lived with such a disagreeable woman, she should always be alone."

If a man who has been divorced asks his former partner to marry again, that is a motion for a new trial.

Some ladies, when walking out, seem angry if they are gazed at, but are sadly disappointed if they are not.

With ladies, the declining years of life may be summed up in the words: I wish I had, and I wish I hadn't.

A schoolboy says that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what," he only finds out which is switch.

Fashionable young lady, detaching her hair before retiring. "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

Salvini, the great actor, has afforded a striking illustration of the triumph of hope over experience. He has married a second time.

Precious Minx.—A little girl at a school examination in reading her piece changed Keat's verse into, "A thing of beauty is a boy forever."

The bull-frog was the first circulating greenback, and the entire breed have been notorious inflationists ever since the flood.—*New York Evening Mail*.

Omnibuses originated in Paris in 1827. The other kind of busses, which are specially desired by young men and maidens, were discovered some years previous.

One said to another who was making fun of his ears: "My ears may be of unusual size for a man, but you must confess, Sir, that yours are extremely small for an ass!"

A boy sixteen years of age left England eight years ago with the loftiest aspirations. He said he would make people open their mouths. He is now a dentist in New York.

The lot assigned to beauty in this world—that pleasant-seeming lot which ever brings a host of champions to its feet, but cannot bind to its allegiance a single real friend.—*Mrs. Ellis*.

"What object do you now see," asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

A contemporary asks, "Does hanging prevent murder?" We reply to the argumentative gentleman that it does. There is not a case on record of a person committing murder after he had been successfully hanged.

As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her, "Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh and you'll fall off."

"Oh, Charles!" she gasped, as she rose with some difficulty from her fourth plate of strawberries and cream. "If I eat any more I think I will burst." And Charles (fumbled abstractedly in his pocket, and murmured: "That last plate just burst me."

It is proposed to distribute temporary staircases through the rooms hereafter at receptions and balls, for the accommodation of those young people who delight in flirting on the stairs. The usual staircases are so blocked that some further accommodation is absolutely demanded.

"Poor fellow! he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything," exclaimed a steady bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship. It's living in poverty that puts the thumb-screws on a fellow."

The latest wrinkle of fashionable architecture is a sitting-room exclusively for the daughters of the family. It is thought to foster a love for domestic life, and furnishes a retreat where solitude can be found for study, music and painting.

The spirits materialized George Washington at a seance in Indiana the other day, and when one of the spectators asked him whether he was really the great Washington, the President replied, "Dot ish der kind of Huns ish am."

The Southern negroes are mystified over the recent visits of cyclones and hurricanes, and an aged Savannah darkey remarks: "If dese vey winds can't be toned down a little, what's de use of buying mules and 'cumulating a family?"

Cowden Clarke tells a story of a gentleman who lately, in making a return of his income to the tax commissioners, wrote on the paper: "For the first three years my income has been somewhat under £150; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money."

Clergyman: "Baby was rather troublesome in church last Sunday, Mrs. Nollekins." Mrs. Nollekins (much distressed): "Yes, he was indeed. He don't seem to like going to church at all, and he never left off crying the whole time; and it give us a great deal of trouble, sir, if it do, for we did hope to bring him up a minister, like yourself."

The grease: When he had called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner arose and said: "Gen'l'men, if it wasn't for de wheels of a wagon the wagon wouldn't move. When de wheels is on, den what?" "Grease!" solemnly exclaimed an old man. "Kerrect!" whispered the president, softly rubbing his hands together. "We hez de wagon, an' de wheels. We will now hez de hat around for de grease."

"That was a powerful sermon the dominie preached this morning," said old Farmer Furrow to his wife, as they sat at the dinner-table yesterday. "Deed it was," replied she; "but do you know, John, every time the parson spoke of the golden calf that them 'ere heathens worshiped, I couldn't help thinking of you and the brindle heifer what you won't sell for love or money."

A certain barrister named Jones, who practiced in Brougham's time, contracted a habit of commencing the evening's witness with these words: "Now, sir, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it." Brougham had begun, like many others, to grow tired of this eternal formula. One morning he met his brother lawyer near the Temple, and addressed him thus: "Now, Jones, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it—How do you do?"—*London Society*.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Items.

DOMESTIC.

Spokane Falls, W. T., is to have six electric lights of 2,000-candle power each.

Livermore has had to close its schools on account of the prevalence of diphtheria.

There were 866 immigrant arrivals in the State by overland railroad during the past week.

The receipts for duties for the past week were \$101,516.90, making a total since January 1st of \$4,412,629.79.

There is a good prospect of the immediate extension of the Burlington and Northwestern Railroad to this Coast.

Owing to a little difference between the steamboat lines, the fare from Portland to Vancouver, W. T., is 10 cents each way.

The British iron-of-war *Constance* arrived at this port Sunday, and the customary international salutes were exchanged.

The Chinese bones seized by Coroner O'Donnell have been turned over to the Chinese Consul for shipment to the Flowery Kingdom.

There was the organization of a Christian church at the Y. M. C. A. rooms in Riverside on the 6th inst., with twenty-four members to date, Elder G. R. Hand officiating.

Miss Cleveland receives no callers on the Sabbath. This is so well understood that not even her most intimate friends outside the White House ever cross the threshold on that day.

There are forty-five persons on the pay-roll of the Santa Rosa Woolen Mills. They turn out an average of 1,000 yards of cloth a day, the greater portion of which is shipped to San Francisco.

A recent decision declaring that 27,000 acres of land in Kansas were wrongfully held by the Southern Kansas Railroad Company has caused a rush of squatters to the southern counties of that State.

The Board of Managers of the National Temperance Society have decided to forward to the coming New York State Democratic and Republican Conventions a resolution asking them to insert a prohibition plank in their platforms.

Since Eureka county was segregated from Lander, in 1873, says the *Eureka Sentinel*, there have been upward of twenty murders committed in it; but so far as we know, none of the murderers are in the State Penitentiary, nor were any of them hanged.

Georgia rigidly enforces its law against selling liquor to inebriates. So certain is conviction that dealers compromise rather than submit to trial. Half a dozen firms paid \$50 each, the other day, to a woman whose husband had purchased liquor on their premises.

The corner-stone of the Union Foundry building to be built by Peter Donahue was laid Saturday. The building will be four stories in height, and have a frontage of 275 feet on Mission street. On First and Fremont streets it will extend 183 feet. It will cost \$400,000.

The chief of police of Newburyport, Mass., told the Mayor of that city that it was impossible to get evidence to convict for violation of the Sunday law. Thereupon his Honor went himself with two policemen, and in about three minutes obtained the necessary evidence, and then raided two saloons.

The throngs of visitors still continue at Riverside Park. Fully 30,000 people were there on Sunday, Sept. 13th. The crowds were largely made up of country people. Mrs. Grant has twice visited the tomb with one of her sons. On September 7th the company of soldiers who had guarded the tomb since August 8th, was withdrawn, and a company from Fort Hamilton succeeded them. The Grant Monument Fund now amounts to something over \$73,000.

FOREIGN.

Lady Tennyson is in a state of ill-health that causes her friends great anxiety.

Canon Farrer is delaying his visit to this country to conclude some literary work, including a long poem.

Professor Huxley resigns his position in the service of the British Government, to be released from duty in October. He will have a pension of \$6,000 a year. Ill-health will force him to retire from all active life, literary or other, at present.

Teachers in the public schools of France are very seldom paid more than \$5 a week, and as the expense for salaries is now a little over \$15,000,000, the Minister of Public Instruction refuses to add to this amount and so increase taxation.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Police for London shows the arrest of 17,203 persons as drunk and disorderly, a decrease of 2,384 cases as compared with the previous year. There is a decrease also of 1,513 in the number of serious offences.

Austria reports about 10,600 students in different universities under more than 900 teachers, 2,700 students in higher technical schools, 1,384 in commercial academies, 430 in art schools, 1,591 in theology, 75,565 in secondary schools, and about 2,506,000 in elementary schools.

The only new thing about the cholera is a successful experiment with ether vapor at Madrid. The pest has burned itself out in most districts of Spain, but it is increasing at Cadix and Barcelona. In France the distinguishing feature is the mortality among the upper classes, so that the disease will come to be called, this year, the cholera of the rich.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 14, 1885.

The Administration is back again from the woods and waves, the schools open to-morrow, and the capital city begins to resume life after its summer siesta. Every day last week seemed to bring new people to the avenue promenade, and there was a decided awakening in trade. The store windows told of the advent of a new season, and the era of "great reductions" began to give place to that of the "latest fall style." The cool weather of the first week of September brought on the autumn change a little earlier than usual.

For hundreds of people the work of house-hunting is now in order. A real estate broker estimates that twelve hundred houses are usually vacant in Washington every summer. Not so many were given up this year, because people in office were inclined to economize in view of possible contingencies; but, nevertheless, there were a great many given up by tenants, and the storage warehouses are now beginning to disgorge. Washington, in proportion to its size, sends more people out of town in the summer than any city in the country, and Washington landlords say they lose more summer rents than they can afford. The hot weather begins sooner here than in northern cities, and it lasts longer; and the habit of giving up houses in May and storing furniture until September or October appears to be growing on the people. The landlords say they have to increase rents to meet this loss. The result, they say, is to raise the cost of house rent in the city five dollars per month all round.

The opening of the Forty-ninth Congress will witness a novel situation of affairs. For the first time in years there will be no contest for Speakership. Mr. Carlisle will be chosen by the unanimous vote of the majority. There is some interest as to who will be the candidate of the Republicans. So far there have been mentioned Mr. Long of Massachusetts, Mr. Hiseock of New York and Mr. Reed of Maine. Mr. Hiseock and Mr. Reed entered Congress simultaneously. Mr. Hiseock has been particularly identified with the work of the Appropriation Committee. Mr. Reed has been a remarkable debater. Every matter in which his party has taken stand has found him its champion. He is a master of invective, and spices it with sarcasm. Governor Long has been in Congress but one term. Unlike most ex-Governors, Mr. Long was a national character before he was elected to Congress. When he was sent to the House of Representatives his friends were fearful that he would not be equal to the rough-and-tumble style of debate which is in vogue there. The record of the past two years has shown that Mr. Long understood his own abilities better than his friends. At first the House listened to him with curiosity, then with admiration, and to-day, although having only finished his first term, he is regarded as one of the leaders on the Republican side. The fact that his name is mentioned as the Republican candidate for Speaker emphasizes this. The Republican caucus, however, will be a very quiet affair. The only significance attending it will come two years hence, when, if the Republicans gain their supremacy of the House, the nomination this year might have some influence upon the Speakership contest then. While there is little or no interest now, as Mr. Carlisle is universally regarded as having nothing to fear from any quarter, yet when it comes to the other offices of the House several red-hot fights have been inaugurated already, and are now in progress.

So far as relates to this city, the trade prospects are good. The population here is rapidly increasing, and mainly by the selection of the national capital as the future home of wealthy families hitherto domiciled in other cities. Hundreds of new houses are being completed, and soon will be furnished. A great deal of money will be expended here during the next eight or ten months. The merchants are, as a rule, quite content with the outlook, and are cheerfully preparing for a great increase in the demand for goods. There is no other American city whose retail dealers have so many things in their favor as are now possessed by the retail trade of Washington. The growth of Washington is phenomenal.

W. C. T. U.

The 20th inst. was a National Centennial Day. The San Francisco Local Union requested a centennial temperance sermon from each pastor in the city; their request was very generally complied with, certainly by the ministers of our Congregational churches. At their regular Gospel Temperance meeting, corner Sixth and Market street, they made the National programme the special order at 4 p. m. A sketch of the life of Dr. Benjamin Rush was read by Miss L. A. Cayford. Extracts from his essay on "Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Mind and Body," as published a hundred years ago, were read by Miss C. A. Templeton. The address, "A Century's Evolution of the Great Temperance Reform," was given by the Rev. E. S. Chapman, D. D., and was all it promised to be—full of information, thought and hope, courage and faith. The music, by Miss Nevers and the Tobey family, was exceptionally fine. As the programme provided by the National W. C. T. U. proved too lengthy for the occasion, an essay by Mrs. Mary G. Campbell was postponed for one week; subject, "Woman's Part in the Temperance Work." Mrs. Campbell, scholar, Christianly and actively engaged in this work, is eminently qualified to entertain, instruct and awaken a sympathy in her hearers in her theme. We invite all to come, "whoever will." Next Sunday, 27th inst., is Children's Day, according to the National W. C. T. U.

Bulletin, and we will be assisted by C. A. Tobey, District Superintendent Juvenile work I. O. G. T.'s. Several Bands of Hope will be represented on that occasion, and the National programme carried out as a "Rush Centennial." This meeting is under the auspices of the San Francisco W. C. T. U. and Y. W. C. T. U. combined, held at 4 p. m. every Sunday in Grand Central Hall, 997 Market street, corner Sixth. Com.

DIED.

HARSHA—September 13, 1885, at her home, on the San Gregorio creek, San Mateo county, Mrs. Josephine V. Harsha, aged 48 years 3 months. [Visalia and Los Angeles papers please copy.]

After a short, but severely painful, illness our sister was taken into the rest of the faithful. Sister Harsha was born of Virginian parents, in the Baptist persuasion, and by her mother was inculcated with the true and earnest spirit of Christ's Church, that wavered not at the end of her mortal career.

Her father and family moved overland into this State from Missouri in the summer of 1853, first settling in San Ramon valley, and in 1855 coming on to the San Gregorio creek, since which time our sister has been a continuous resident here. Upon the organization of the Fairview Congregational society, in 1876, she was a prime mover, and one of its first members, and with her husband, donated the site for a place of worship, and the year following was one of less than a dozen members that formed the Fairview Congregational church, joining, with two of her daughters, upon profession of faith, a remaining daughter joining subsequently. Since 1878 she has filled the office of church and society treasurer acceptably, and has been an earnest, faithful and consistent church member. She leaves not only a husband, three daughters and two young grandchildren to mourn her loss, but also many friends, both in the vicinity of her home and at Pescadero, especially the members of the Pescadero Grange, P. of H., of which order she was a loved and esteemed member. To all her friends she was endeared by her many charitable and virtuous qualities. Full well we know what has been our great loss has been to her a greater gain. Praise be to the Lord! M. W.

Mrs. Hampson in Seattle.

Some of your readers may have heard of the work of this gifted and devoted Christian woman in Melbourne, Sidney, and elsewhere in Australia and New Zealand, where, in some cases, her success as an evangelistic worker has been so great, through the Master's blessing, that, in a single eight-days' "mission" in one city, upwards of one thousand have professed conversion, which, in the lapse of two years' time, has been nearly doubled, rather than suffered the falling off so frequently seen to follow such an awakening.

Some of our Christian people of Seattle had, during a visit in Australia, become personally cognizant of the results of Mrs. Hampson's meetings in Sidney, and, through correspondence and prayer, opened the way for her coming hither. God's blessing has, to a considerable degree, attended her labors in Seattle. Great numbers have listened to her preaching, between one and two hundred claiming to have experienced the new life, and some of these are among our strongest business men. The Opera House, seating 1,400 people, has been well filled, and often crowded to its utmost capacity each evening. Noon prayer-meetings have been held, and also meetings for mothers, for young ladies and for children. She is a powerful and impressive speaker, and as to the question whether or not a woman should preach, it seems in this case a sufficient answer to know that the spirit and power of the Lord and Master is manifestly with her. S. G.

Rev. C. T. Weitzel.

Rev. C. T. Weitzel, who comes to preach in our church at Santa Barbara, has just been dismissed from his pastorate in Norwich Town, Conn. The result of the council dismissing him is embodied in the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That, while this council highly esteem the efficient services of the Rev. C. T. Weitzel the past ten years, and realize the delightful relations between him and all about him, yet, in view of the reasons set forth in his letter of resignation, we very reluctantly approve the action of the church and society dissolving this pastoral relation."

"Resolved, That we most cordially commend the Rev. Mr. Weitzel to all with whom he may be thrown into contact, as a devoted, Christian man; a brother beloved of all who have the privilege of his acquaintance; an earnest, faithful, discreet and successful preacher; and a pastor intensely solicitous for the best good of his people, and fruitful in plans for uplifting, helping and saving both the mature and the young under his influence."

"Resolved, That we commend this ancient and venerable church to the grace of God, with the fervent prayer that, at no distant date, one may be given her who shall fill the place of the departed pastor."

The September number of *Our Church Work*, published by the Columbia Congregational church, Cincinnati, of which our good brother, Rev. G. H. Smith, is pastor, has been received, and, as usual, is full of excellent matter.

At a called meeting of the Bay Association at No. 7 Montgomery avenue, this city, last Monday, Mr. Thomas Earle Tippet was appointed as a preacher of the gospel for one year.

General John Logan has spent most of this summer in writing a book on the events which precipitated the Civil War.

The advertisement of Nicoll & Co. and Schafer & Co. will be found in other columns. They are both excellent places to buy custom-made or ready-made clothing. Many of our friends from other parts of the State will soon be here to the meeting of the General Association. You will consult your own best interests as well as ours if you patronize those whose advertisements you see in *THE PACIFIC*.

Last Monday was the hottest day in this city that has obtained this year. At the signal service office the thermometer registered 87 degrees. Till Monday the highest this year was 81, in August. The highest temperature ever recorded in this city was 95.2 in 1883. The thermometer stood at 108 degrees in Los Angeles Monday, according to the signal service report.

F. Houghton of Corning, Tehama county, will soon have the largest poultry farm in the world; he has nearly 5,000 hens, and has his henhouses built on sleds, so that he can remove them from place to place on his wharf stubble.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

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THE PACIFIC will be sent free for one year to any person sending the names of three new subscribers, with the money.

Any old subscriber sending the name of one new subscriber, with \$2.50, can have his own paper another year for \$1.75.

The date against your name on the label of your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

The subscription Price of *THE PACIFIC* is \$2.50 in advance, which includes the payment of the postage by us.

The courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

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We will send the *PACIFIC* one year (price \$2.50 a year) to any new subscriber, or to any old subscriber renewing in advance, with any of the following publications, for the price named in the second column. The price in the third column is that of the publication named alone. Each column includes prepaid postage. After the receipt of the first copy of any publication, complete, if necessary, should be sent to the office where it is printed.

American Agriculturist	1.00	\$3.50
Christian at Work	3.00	5.00
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Harper's Weekly	4.00	5.50
"Bazar"	4.00	5.50
Scientific American	3.20	5.00
The Century Magazine	4.00	6.00
St. Nicholas	3.00	5.00
Wide Awake	2.50	4.50
The Independent	3.00	5.00
North American Review	5.00	6.50
Congregationalist	3.00	5.10
Littell's Living Age	8.00	9.50
Illustrated Christian Weekly	2.50	5.00

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of }
Cyrus Palmer, }
An Insolvent Debtor.

Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of Cyrus Palmer, an insolvent debtor, who have proved their debts, that said Cyrus Palmer has filed in said Superior Court his petition for a discharge from all his debts and liabilities, and that, by an order of said Court, all said creditors are required to appear before said Court, at the court-room thereof, Department No. 10 (Special), in the New City Hall, in said city and county, on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1885, at the hour of 10 A. M., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Cyrus Palmer should not be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided.

Attest my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of August, 1885.

JAS. J. FLYNN, Clerk.

By Jno. H. Mott, Deputy Clerk.

I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco and State of California, under the firm name of J. Bamberger & Company; that the full name of all the individuals interested in the said business is Julius Bamberger; and that the place of residence is set opposite my name below.

In witness I have hereto set my hand this seventeenth day of August, A. D. 1885.

JULIUS BAMBERGER, 309 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Duly acknowledged the 17th day of August, 1885, before Samuel S. Murfey, Notary Public.

[Endorsed.] Filed August 18, 1885.

JAMES J. FLYNN, Clerk.

By Jno. H. Mott, Deputy Clerk.

In Harper's Magazine for October Mr. Veeder F. Paine contributes a timely and important article exposing the defects in the past conduct of our public land policy, and indicating methods of reform. Mr. T. S. Van Dyke has an article on "Mexican Politics." In the Editor's Easy Chair are two letters written by Thomas Carlyle to the Hon. Beverley Tucker in 1846 and 1850, and here published for the first time.

Ayer's Ague Cure not only affords immediate relief, but it eradicates the malarial poison which produces the disease, without leaving any injurious effect, as is the case with quinine and many of the vague medicines advertised. It is the only medicine in existence which may be considered an absolute antidote for fever and ague, and kindred diseases.

It would be impossible for one to imagine the variety of woods out of which furniture is made without calling at the warehouse of the California Furniture Company, 220 to 226 Bush street. There may be seen woods from all parts of the world, upon which is displayed the most exquisite workmanship.

Editors *PACIFIC*: We will keep our advertisement running another month if one person sends an order during the month, and mentions your paper.

SMITH'S CASH STORE, 115 Clay street.

[Will our readers take notice, and help themselves and us!]

Perkins & Wilson, whose dry goods store advertisement is in another column, are our sort of people. We recommend our friends to trade with them, as we have long done with great satisfaction.

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This celebrated health retreat is near the base of San Bernardino mountain, 2,300 feet above sea level, an altitude most desirable for invalids. Terms are reasonable, table good; always plenty of milk and cream. Address M. H. Crafts, Lugonia P. O., Cal.

It would be next to an impossibility for a purchaser not to be satisfied with the vast display of furniture contained in the four completely stocked floors of the California Furniture Company's establishment, 220 to 226 Bush street. There may be seen every imaginable piece of furniture that can be desired.

"Where shall I buy a good hat?" "At Herrmann's, 336 Kearny street," is our ready reply. We wear hats, and so do very many of our friends, and are satisfied. He has recently doubled the size of his store, which shows deserved prosperity.

We recommend the house Carroll & Tilton, 873 Market street, whose advertisement see in another column, to our friends for clothing, etc. We have bought of them with entire satisfaction. Their prices are very reasonable.

Rooms.—Persons desiring to rent desirable rooms in the best parts of San Francisco by the day, week or month, with or without board, at low rates, please call at office of, or send to, *THE PACIFIC*.

PRICES CURRENT.

SILVER—Bar Silver, per ounce, 1,000 fine, \$1.02 1/2; Sterling bills on London, 60 days, \$4 84 to 4 86.

COMMERCE.

Flour—Best brands of City Extra, \$4.25 to 5.00; Superfine, \$3.00 to 4.00. Wheat—\$1.30 to 1.47 1/2 per cwt. Barley—Feed, \$1.25 to 1.27 1/2. Oats—\$1.05 to 1.30. Feed—Bran, \$16.00 @ 17.00; ground barley, \$27.50 to 29.00; middlings, \$21.00 to \$22.00.

POTATOES—35c to \$1.00 per cwt. FRUIT—Lemons, \$1.50 to 3.50 per box for California; Bananas, 1.00 to \$1.50 per bunch; Apples, 25c to 75c per box; Oranges, California \$2.00 to 3.50 per box; Strawberries, \$3.50 to 5.00 per chest; Peaches, 25c to 75c per box; Figs, 50c to 65c per box; Grapes, 35c to \$1.00 per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 75c per cwt.; Marrowfat Squash, \$5.00 to 7.00 per ton; Green Peas, 3 1/2c per lb.; Tomatoes, 15c to 25c per box. HAY—\$9.00 to 15.00 for all grades. Straw, 45c to 65c per bale.

BUTTER—Choice, Cal. 30c to 31c. CHEESE—Cal. 8c to 10c choice.

EGGS—25c to 32 1/2c per doz for Cal. BEER—6 to 6 1/2c first quality; 4 1/2 to 5c for third.

LAMB—5 1/2c to 6 1/2c per lb. MUTTON—Wethers, 4 to 4 1/2c; Ewes, 3 1/2 to 4.

PORK—Live hogs, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2c for hard grain hogs on foot; dressed do, 5 to 5 1/2c for city.

HIDES AND SKINS—Sheep skins—Sheering, 10 to 25c; Short Wool, 35c to 60c; Medium, 60 to 75c; Long Wool, 90c.

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THE TEST: Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemical test will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia.



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For Light, Healthy Bread, the Best Dry Hop Yeast in the World.

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A CURE FOR aggravated Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup and Whooping Cough, and affording relief in Consumption from coughing.
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Guaranteed superior to any drug Cough Syrup or Consumption cure that is now offered to the public.
A bottle will be sent to any address in the United States and expressage paid, on receipt of One Dollar.
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